

## THE ART-JOURNAL.



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## GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

## CORNELIUS.



WITH some sense of responsibility I undertake to write the biographical and the critical history of one of the chief Art-epochs known in modern Europe. The principles it will be needful to discuss are vital; the actors which this movement has called upon the stage are animated by no ordinary ardour, and have won by their talents no inconsiderable renown; and the works which these artists have, over the space of the last fifty years, given to the world are assuredly lofty in aim and mature in knowledge. These painters and these pictures have indeed deservedly made themselves illustrious. Cornelius, Overbeck, Kaulbach, Lessing, and others, who will in this and succeeding articles furnish themes for literary description and pictorial illustration, are rightly received with honour wherever sacred and historic Art is revered; and the schools of Munich, of Dusseldorf, and Berlin, which it is proposed to pass in review, have, we all know, become centres of study, places for pilgrimage, and examples for emulation. It is, I repeat, no light responsibility to enter on a task such as this; it is matter of no small anxiety that topics of such import shall obtain impartial discussion, in order that

justice may be fairly administered amongst all the parties interested. Surely the memory of great men who have devoted their lives to the work of this Art-revival deserves to be handled with reverence. Grand pictures, into which years of earnest study have been thrown, must be approached with the intent rightly to estimate the ideas the artist wished to express. So much is due to every painter and every picture that has earned the title to be noticed at all. Yet, on the other hand, no less does it become the duty of the critic, standing between the painter and the public, to exercise the office of censor. Fairly, then, to balance between blame and praise is the happy mean which in these articles I desire to hit.

Peter von Cornelius, the subject of our present memoir, was born in Dusseldorf, on the 27th of September, 1787. His father was keeper of the gallery in that town, then rich in the pictures which are now the pride of the Munich Pinakothek. The future painter seems to have been no exception to the proverbial precocity of genius: betimes did he show while yet a youth an unusual predilection towards Art, and gave promise of the powers which ere long were to win him renown. It is interesting also to observe how the young artist's ardent mind at once kindled at the approach of those high thoughts which have since proved the guide and the inspiration of a life now reaching far beyond threescore years and ten. It appears that Cornelius was not sixteen when he fell within the sphere and became captive to the spell of the poet Goethe. Thus was he early enamoured with the ideal beauty of classic Art. At the same period also does he seem to have come within the influence of such writers as Tieck, Novalis, and the brothers Schlegel, and thus with the culture of classic tastes were mingled a love for mediæval Art and a sympathy for the spirit of middle-age romance. From his parents, too, who were good Christians, Cornelius inherited reverence for the Bible, which, under the guise of Bible stories illustrated by Bible prints, formed the Literature and Art with which the would-be painter became first acquainted. It will be curious to trace how in the sequel these several lines or threads of thought interweave their texture and colour into the works of after life. But the course of an artist's true love for Art seldom runs smooth, especially in its opening passages. Accordingly we need not be surprised to find that the road to fame was for Cornelius obstructed at the outset by obstacles. His father dies, and it becomes a question whether the son may not be forced by the needs of the family into the drudgery of a mere handicraft trade. From this calamity, however, he is delivered chiefly by indomitable courage and perseverance, upborne happily by the never-to-be-forgotten injunction of his father, that he should always strive after the things which are most excellent. But yet another danger besets the aspirant. He is in the midst of an Art fallen into servility, and how shall he find escape? His imagination, we have seen, has already been kindled at the newly lighted lamps of literature and philosophy, and his mind, we may be sure, was not long in breaking loose from the trammels in which his fellow-artists were still bound. In the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE CREATION.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

strength of approaching manhood we find him prepared to take a free and a bold range through nature. It is true that as yet he

had done little; that the pictures he had painted fell short of the standard at which he aimed. But let it be observed, that all this

time he is laying diligently the firm foundation upon which to rear the future structure of his lofty Art: he is busy in the burning of the stubble and in the casting away of the chaff before the wind, that so the ground may be made ready for the coming harvest. In plainer words, and to narrate the simple facts, he eschews the copying of works which were themselves but copies and compilations, and he rebels against that compromise of eclecticism which in destroying originality had enthroned mediocrity. In short, Cornelius was now to become the forerunner of the new and great revival about to open for the Arts of his country. And just as in the thirteenth century an emasculate Byzantine Art had been supplanted by schools manly and free, through the discovery of Grecian remains and the study of living nature, so was the conventionalism under which painting lay prostrate in the last century overthrown by the study of classic forms and an appeal to the actual model. This was the revolution and the renovation which Cornelius, while yet little more than one-and-twenty years of age, pledged his life to accomplish.

The works which gave first proof of the creative power of Cornelius, were a painting in the old church of Neuss, near Düsseldorf, executed when the artist was of the age of nineteen, a

series of designs illustrative of Goethe's "Faust," and another series of works taken from the "Niebelungen Lied." These two last compositions, echoing a popular German drama and a national German ballad, show the direction at this time given to the painter's tumultuous imagination. His heart evidently was kindled with the new love to which the Fatherland had fallen a willing captive. At this period—close upon the time, he it observed, when our own Percy was collecting and reviving the taste for the old ballads of England—the writers of Germany were intent upon bringing to light the neglected lore of their middle age literature. The "Niebelungen Lied"—a national song chaunted in olden time by the people—became a theme for the exercise of the critic's ingenuity, or for the display of the artist's creative power, and many were the remnants of legendary romance thus disinterred from the ruins of the dark ages and placed once more in the light of day. A national revival in literature thus set in, and the movement growing general, and even intense, found of course in the end diverse and divergent manifestations. Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller—in literature the predecessors, or the contemporaries, of the school of painters among whom Cornelius was the prince—each gave to the spirit of the age



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

his own varying bias. Thus the revival in literature, which doubtless as a whole was one and indivisible, appears, on close scrutiny, to be composed of many individual parts. Before long, indeed, within the camp rose dividing discord. Schools realistic declared war against schools idealistic; classicists fought hand to hand with romancists; pagans were set upon by Christians. And thus was it, in some measure, likewise in that army of painters whose exploits we shall in this and succeeding papers record. Among these champions of the new faith, of whom a few showed themselves bigots, Cornelius is conspicuous for his all-comprehensive intellect. Some of the disciples of the new school were able to receive one doctrine, some were ready to promulgate another; some, such as Overbeck, devoted their lives to religious Art, others were known by works secular; but to none, save to Cornelius, was it given to be all-embracing and universal. Hence has Cornelius often been termed the Goethe of painters, and hence is it a fact of special significance that the energy of the artist in this his maturing manhood was devoted to the illustration of "Faust," the poet's masterpiece. The analogy which runs between the creations of the poet and the painter is more than casual. Goethe,

in his drama of "Iphigenia," worked on the models of Grecian Art, which Cornelius cast into pictorial form on the ceiling of the Glyptothek. Goethe was in genius German, and Cornelius, in like manner, retained more than any of his school the national idiosyncrasy. But Goethe, though glorying in his birthright as a German, sought to give to his Art-aspirations full development by contact with Italian masterworks; and so also the Goethe of painters made pilgrimage to Rome in order to obtain for his high conceptions complete fruition. "Cornelius," writes his friend Niebuhr, "is an earnest enthusiast for Goethe, perhaps none more so; certain is it that Goethe has inspired no other person so fully and powerfully."

At length, in the year 1811, Cornelius, having reached the age of twenty-four years, makes the much-longed-for pilgrimage to Rome—poor, we are told, in pocket, but richly stored in projects. Italy was for him, as for others, the promised land, and not to have reached this country, so fertile in Art, would have been to perish in the desert where gushed no wells of water for the thirsting soul. In spirit, at least, Cornelius did not come as a foreigner to this land of classic and mediæval Art; he had long in imagination



dwelt among the ruins of the seven hills; he had in fancy wandered through the halls of the Vatican crowded with statues of the gods, and visited the churches adorned with paintings of Christian saints. Reaching, as the realisation of long-cherished hopes, the Eternal City, he beheld the cupola of St. Peter's from afar, and loosing himself from the fetters with which he might yet be bound, casting

aside the incumbrance of old prejudices laid upon him by obsolete academic teaching, he felt himself free for the coming future; and as he gazed on that exultant dome which seemed to proclaim faith triumphant, the thought rose in his mind that upon this rock would he build his school—that from this city would he preach the doctrines which should bring to the world of Art deliverance.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

From the northern Fatherland there was soon gathered a German brotherhood. Overbeck, whose mission and works will fall under our notice next month, impelled by a love which was indeed a worship, believed that the time had come when Christian Art, as practised in the middle ages, should be restored in its original purity and fervour. Schnorr, Veit, and the brothers Schadow—

who will all receive the honour which is their due in subsequent numbers of our series—were also of the company of these German enthusiasts, who day and night thought of little else than of the building up of this "new and old," this "German and Italian school of painting." Cornelius among these his fellows appears as a giant, and stood as a tower of strength. He seems to have

been confident in the consciousness of power, and he evidently had the faculty of inspiring other minds with the faith which so strongly held possession of his own. The small company of painters among whom he was a presiding spirit were in Rome poor and unknown, but ere long they gathered within their sphere kindred and sympathetic intellects. Learned professors, who could give to comparatively inexperienced students guidance, patrons who were able to afford these unproved painters a trial, and men of state, whose privilege it is to bestow prestige and sanction, were all in the end ready to extend to the young adventurers a helping hand. The palace of Niebuhr, the historian, then ambassador from the court of Berlin, was open to his countrymen of the new school; the Prussian consul-general, Bartholdy, had a house on the Pincian, which he inclined to decorate after the fresco manner his young friends sought to revive; there was the villa, too, of the Marchese Massimi, standing in a garden near the church of the Lateran, which was ready to submit its walls as a field whereon the poetic fancy of these sciolists might loose the rein to the utmost of its bent; and lastly, and not least, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, the present ex-king Ludwig, ever glad to coquette with a new idea, made overtures to the novices, now matured into adepts, and nothing would do but that Cornelius should consent to be carried away captive to Munich in order that he might aid in painting the new toy, the prince's pet capital. In biographies such as that of Niebuhr, we find scattered, interesting details of the mode of life to which the disciples of high Art were at this time addicted. These painters, especially cloister-loving Overbeck, desiring to live in the simple spirit of olden times, adopted a stern, almost a monastic way of life. Wishing to raise themselves to the height of a great argument, they ever loved to talk of the pictures which embodied noblest thoughts; at the house of their kind friend Niebuhr, would they night after night discuss the principles in which they put their trust, and there did they lay out in the mind's eye the leading ideas of those great compositions which have since extended throughout Europe their renown.

I have thus given a rapid sketch of the rise of the modern German school. It is now time that we should turn to the paintings by which the merits of that school must be judged. Speaking generally, I think it will have to be conceded that these works create some little disappointment; it is felt that while the grandest principles have been enunciated as a prelude, the sequel furnished by the pictures themselves is far from satisfactory. Cornelius, for example, took Goethe for his guide and Michael Angelo for his model; he was manifestly inflated by some of the most grandiloquent ideas which can distend the imagination; and then, when we come upon the painter's actual creations, it is discovered that facility is wanting for the realisation of his cherished thoughts, and that the hand too often falters to express what the mind has conceived.

The power of Cornelius is felt in that four cities have been subject to his sway, Rome, Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin. Of these Munich is the only city which gives the measure of the painter in the majesty of his giant dimensions—a majesty, however, which sometimes, it must be admitted, grows monstrous. The least happy of his efforts I have always been accustomed to consider the elaborate series of mythological frescoes on the ceilings of the Glyptothek. Among the works by which Cornelius will be best remembered are two grand compositions, 'GOD THE CREATOR,' and 'CHRIST THE JUDGE,' both chosen as illustrations to this article. Cornelius, in the ceiling of the Glyptothek, threw his imagination into the midst of classic myths; again, in the Loggie of the Pinakothek, he unfolded the annals of Art. There remained yet another region of which his mind sought to take possession. The task which Michael Angelo accomplished in the Sistine, that did Cornelius wish to essay in the church of St. Ludwig. The faith to which all churches are dedicated, that was the pictorial theme wherewith the church of St. Ludwig was to be decorated. God the Father, as Creator and Upholder of all things, God the Son, as the world's Redeemer and final Judge, and God the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life—this, the creed of Christendom, was to be cast by Cornelius into vast pictorial epics. Space does not permit me to do more than describe out of the entire series the two compositions here engraved. In 'The Creation of the Heavens,' Cornelius again shows himself a pensioner on the power and resources of his great predecessor. He has, like Michael Angelo in a well-known design on the ceiling of the Sistine, made unto himself a Jupiter God, of thundering brow and lion mane, and arm uplifted for almighty sway. The Creator's footstool is the earth, and his canopy the skies. Around Him are the heavenly host; angels on bended knees who burn the cloudy incense, balance the spheres, map out creation with a compass, and plant the stars in the spangled fields of space. Here, too, are the hierarchy of the heavens, here likewise is the seraph, and here sit the company of minstrels, while the peopled vault resounds praises to God—praise Him sun and moon, praise Him all ye stars of light.

Cornelius, following in the steps of the great Christian artists, had even from his youth cherished the ambition to give proof of his power by a painting of the 'Last Judgment,' the most arduous in the whole cycle of biblical subjects. Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, and Michael Angelo, had put forth their utmost strength in surmounting the difficulties of this tremendous theme. The treatment adopted by these successive artists shows progressive development, and Cornelius, coming last of all, has at least the merit of producing the most elaborate composition. This, his culminating work, occupying the east wall of the church of St. Ludwig, we have chosen for illustration. If estimated by its mere size, or by the time occupied in its design, it is almost without rival in the history of Art. On the cartoon the artist spent ten years; in other words, upon the composition and the drawing, as evident from an examination of the work, he devoted, after the manner of his school, severest study. The fresco itself is sixty-two feet high, and the seated figure of Christ occupies no less than twelve feet. Such are the giant proportions of the composition, and such the commensurate toil involved in its manipulation. The execution of less important pictures had been delegated to scholars. Cornelius with his own hand painted this his master work. The arrangement of the figures, and the manner in which the story is told, will be best learnt by an examination of the engraving which we publish. It will be seen that the prescriptive treatment of the Italian masters has been, for the most part, followed. At the summit sits Christ as Judge, in the midst of saints and angels, and on either side kneel the Virgin and the Baptist. Immediately beneath is a symmetric group of angels, holding the book of life and death, and sounding the trumpet of the final doom. On the left, in dire confusion and overthrow, grand in form as of archangels ruined, are the damned, hurled down to hell. On the right rise the blessed, in the beauty of purity, to life eternal. On mid earth stands the noble figure of St. Michael, armed with sword and shield, as the angel of the resurrection. A work such as this is in need of no general terms of commendation. We may, however, say that it exemplifies both the merits and the defects of its school. It is studious in the sense of compilation, it is careful after the manner of eclecticism. For accuracy of drawing it is unexceptionable; in expression of character it is highly dramatic; for composition it is elaborate, simple in its balanced symmetry, and yet complex in the multiplicity of its parts. But, notwithstanding these its rare merits, I exclaimed, when last in the presence of the work, how supremely disagreeable! The colour is crude, the chiar-oscuro harsh, and the execution hard. Again I repeat, what a pity it is that Cornelius will not condescend to be pleasing.

Cornelius, at the end of some fifteen or twenty years, taken from the very prime of his life, finds his mission at Munich accomplished. In an interval of comparative leisure he makes a journey to Paris, and a year afterwards he visits London. Soon, however, he is again in harness, for yet another labour of Hercules there may be time to finish before the hour cometh when no man can work. Four capitals of Europe, we have said, acknowledge the painter's dominion, and Cornelius now enters Berlin to win his final triumph. Here, under commission from the king, he was to compose what the Germans call a "Christian picture cycle," for the decoration of the Campo Santo. Of the designs executed for this place of burial we select for engraving one of the painter's boldest and most original compositions, 'THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE,' taken from the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John. In the terror-striking vision, the demons of Pestilence, Famine, War, and Death, let loose at the opening of the seals, with the voice of thunder hurl their curses on the earth. This astounding composition suggests one or two critical remarks. In the first place, it is matter for commendation that the mystery and the mysticism which the inspired writer maintains, Cornelius has not dispelled. Furthermore, the feeling of undefined horror which fills the mind on the reading of the text finds response on turning to its illustration. Lastly, in the spirit of this work we are glad to recognise the weird genius of northern Art dominant over that plagiarism from Italian masters which has too often plunged the modern German school into servility. In short, in this mature composition it is interesting to find Cornelius reverting to that German form of thought, that national mode of treatment to which, as we have seen, he gave himself while yet a youth, but which doubtless was put in jeopardy by his sojourn in Rome.

Cornelius is now well stricken in years, and crowned in the honours which great achievements gain. In the retrospect of a long life he has the satisfaction to know that the world at length acknowledges his deserts. The revival of which he was the pioneer at first encountered violent opposition and provoked the keenest ridicule. He has lived to see the day when every German pronounces the name of Cornelius with pride.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



## THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

"Ποικίλον, ὃ ἐν πάντα τετεύχεται; οὐδέ σέ φημι  
 "Δημητῶν γε νέεσθαι, ὃ, τὶ φρεσὶ σφίσι μενοινῇ."

## PREFATORY.

NOR many months ago, a friend, whose familiarity with both living and past schools of Art rendered his opinion of great authority, said casually to me in the course of talk, "I believe we have now as able painters as ever lived; but they never paint as good pictures as were once painted." That was the substance of his saying; I forget the exact words, but their tenor surprised me, and I have thought much of them since. Without pressing the statement too far, or examining it with an unintended strictness, this I believe to be at all events true, that we have men among us, now in Europe, who might have been noble painters, and are not; men whose doings are altogether as wonderful in skill, as inexhaustible in fancy, as the work of the really great painters; and yet these doings of theirs are not great. Shall I write the commonplace that rings in sequence in my ear, and draws on my hand—"are not Great, for they are not (in the broad human and ethical sense) Good?" I write it, and ask forgiveness for the truism, with its implied uncharitableness of blame; for this trite thing is ill understood and little thought upon by any of us, and the implied blame is divided among us all; only let me at once partly modify it, and partly define.

In one sense, modern Art has more goodness in it than ever Art had before. Its kindly spirit, its quick sympathy with pure domestic and social feeling, the occasional seriousness of its instructive purpose, and its honest effort to grasp the reality of conceived scenes, are all eminently "good," as compared with the inane picturesqueness and conventional piety of many among the old masters. Such domestic painting, for instance, as Richter's in Germany, Edward Frère's in France, and Hook's in England, together with such historical and ideal work as—perhaps the reader would be offended with me were I to set down the several names that occur to me here, so I will set down one only, and say—as that of Paul de la Roche; such work, I repeat, as these men have done, or are doing, is entirely good in its influence on the public mind; and may, in thankful exultation, be compared with the renderings of besotted, vicious, and vulgar human life perpetrated by Dutch painters, or with the deathful formalism and fallacy of what was once called "Historical Art." Also, this gentleness and veracity of theirs, being in part communicable, are gradually learned, though in a somewhat servile manner, yet not without a sincere sympathy, by many inferior painters, so that our exhibitions and currently popular books are full of very lovely and pathetic ideas, expressed with a care, and appealing to an interest, quite unknown in past times. I will take two instances of merely average power, as more illustrative of what I mean than any more singular and distinguished work could be. Last year, in the British Institution, there were two pictures by the same painter, one of a domestic, the other of a sacred subject. I will say nothing of the way in which they were painted; it may have been bad, or good, or neither: it is not to my point. I wish to direct attention only to the conception of them. One, 'Cradled in his Calling,' was of a fisherman and his wife, and helpful grown-up son, and helpless new-

born little one; the two men carrying the young child up from the shore, rocking it between them in the wet net for a hammock, the mother looking on joyously, and the baby laughing. The thought was pretty and good, and one might go on dreaming over it long—not unprofitably. But the second picture was more interesting. I describe it only in the circumstances of the invented scene—sunset after the crucifixion. The bodies have been taken away, and the crosses are left lying on the broken earth; a group of children have strayed up the hill, and stopped beside them in such shadowy awe as is possible to childhood, and they have picked up one or two of the drawn nails to feel how sharp they are. Meantime a girl with her little brother—goat-herds both—have been watering their flock at Kidron, and are driving it home. The girl, strong in grace and honour of youth, carrying her pitcher of water on her erect head, has gone on past the place steadily, minding her flock; but her little curly-headed brother, with cheeks of burning Eastern brown, has lingered behind to look, and is feeling the point of one of the nails, held in another child's hand. A lovely little kid of the goats has stayed behind to keep him company, and is amusing itself by jumping backwards and forwards over an arm of the cross. The sister looks back, and, wondering what he can have stopped in that dreadful place for, waves her hand for the little boy to come away.

I have no hesitation in saying that, as compared with the ancient and stereotyped conceptions of the "Taking down from the Cross," there is a living feeling in that picture which is of great price. It may perhaps be weak, nay, even superficial, or untenable—that will depend on the other conditions of character out of which it springs—but, so far as it reaches, it is pure and good; and we may gain more by looking thoughtfully at such a picture than at any even of the least formal types of the work of older schools. It would be unfair to compare it with first-rate, or even approximately first-rate designs; but even accepting such unjust terms, put it beside Rembrandt's ghastly white sheet, laid over the two poles at the Cross-foot, and see which has most good in it for you of any communicable kind.

I trust, then, that I fully admit whatever may, on due deliberation, be alleged in favour of modern Art. Nay, I have heretofore asserted more for some modern Art than others were disposed to admit, nor do I withdraw one word from such assertion. But when all has been said and granted that may be, there remains this painful fact to be dealt with,—the consciousness, namely, both in living artists themselves and in us their admirers, that something, and that not a little, is wrong with us; that they, relentlessly examined, could not say they thoroughly knew how to paint, and that we, relentlessly examined, could not say we thoroughly know how to judge. The best of our painters will look a little to us, the beholders, for confirmation of his having done well. We, appealed to, look to each other to see what we ought to say. If we venture to find fault, however submissively, the artist will probably feel a little uncomfortable: he will by no means venture to meet us with a serenely crushing "Sir, it cannot be better done," in the manner of Albert Durer. And yet, if it could not be better done, he, of all men, should know that best, nor fear to say so; it is good for himself, and for us, that he should assert that, if he knows that. The last time my dear old friend William Hunt

came to see me, I took down one of his early drawings for him to see (three blue plums and one amber one, and two nuts). So he looked at it, happily, for a minute or two, and then said, "Well, it's very nice, isn't it? I did not think I could have done so well." The saying was entirely right, exquisitely modest and true; only I fear he would not have had the courage to maintain that his drawing was good, if anybody had been there to say otherwise. Still, having done well, he knew it; and what is more, no man ever does do well without knowing it: he may not know *how* well, nor be conscious of the best of his own qualities; nor measure, or care to measure, the relation of his power to that of other men, but he will know that what he has done is, in an intended, accomplished, and ascertainable degree, good. Every able and honest workman, as he wins a right to rest, so he wins a right to approval,—his own if no one's beside; nay, his only true rest is in the calm consciousness that the thing has been honourably done—*συνείδησις ὅτι καλόν*. I do not use the Greek words in pedantry. I want them for future service and interpretation; no English words, nor any of any other language, would do as well. For I mean to try to show, and believe I can show, that a simple and sure conviction of our having done rightly is not only an attainable, but a necessary seal and sign of our having so done; and that the doing well or rightly, and ill or wrongly, are both conditions of the whole being of each person, coming of a nature in him which affects all things that he may do, from the least to the greatest, according to the noble old phrase for the conquering rightness, of "integrity," "wholeness," or "wholesomeness." So that when we do external things (that are our business) ill, it is a sign that internal, and, in fact, that all things, are ill with us; and when we do external things well, it is a sign that internal, and all things, are well with us. And I believe there are two principal adversities to this wholesomeness of work, and to all else that issues out of wholeness of inner character, with which we have in these days specially to contend. The first is the variety of Art round us, tempting us to thoughtless imitation; the second our own want of belief in the existence of a rule of right.

I. I say the first is the variety of Art around us. No man can pursue his own track in peace, nor obtain consistent guidance, if doubtful of his track. All places are full of inconsistent example, all mouths of contradictory advice, all prospects of opposite temptations. The young artist sees myriads of things he would like to do, but cannot learn from their authors how they were done, nor choose decisively any method which he may follow with the accuracy and confidence necessary to success. He is not even sure if his thoughts are his own; for the whole atmosphere round him is full of floating suggestion: those which are his own he cannot keep pure, for he breathes a dust of decayed ideas, wreck of the souls of dead nations, driven by contrary winds. He may stiffen himself (and all the worse for him) into an iron self-will, but if the iron has any magnetism in it, he cannot pass a day without finding himself, at the end of it, instead of sharpened or tempered, covered with a ragged fringe of iron filings. If there be anything better than iron—living wood fibre—in him, he cannot be allowed any natural growth, but gets hacked in every extremity, and bossed over with lumps of frozen clay;—grafts of incongruous blossom that will never set; while some even recog-

nise no need of knife or clay (though both are good in a gardener's hand), but deck themselves out with incongruous glittering, like a Christmas-tree. Even were the style chosen true to his own nature, and persisted in, there is harm in the very eminence of the models set before him at the beginning of his career. If he feels their power, they make him restless and impatient, it may be despondent, it may be madly and fruitlessly ambitious. If he does not feel it, he is sure to be struck by what is weakest or slightest of their peculiar qualities; fancies that *this* is what they are praised for; tries to catch the trick of it; and whatever easy vice or mechanical habit the master may have been betrayed or warped into, the unhappy pupil watches and adopts, triumphant in its case:—has not sense to steal the peacock's feather, but imitates its voice. Better for him, far better, never to have seen what had been accomplished by others, but to have gained gradually his own quiet way, or at least with his guide only a step in advance of him, and the lantern low on the difficult path. Better even, it has lately seemed, to be guideless and lightless; fortunate those who by desolate effort, trying hither and thither, have groped their way to some independent power. So, from Cornish rock, from St. Giles's Lane, from Thames mud-shore, you get your Prout, your Hunt, your Turner; not, indeed, any of them well able to spell English, nor taught so much of their own business as to lay a colour safely; but yet at last, or first, doing somehow something, wholly ineffective on the national mind, yet real, and valued at last after they are dead, in money;—valued otherwise not even at so much as the space of dead brick wall it would cover; their work being left for years packed in parcels at the National Gallery, or hung conclusively out of sight under the shadowy iron vaults of Kensington. The men themselves, quite inarticulate, determine nothing of their Art, interpret nothing of their own minds; teach perhaps a trick or two of their stage business in early life—as for instance, that it is good where there is much black to break it with white, and where there is much white to break it with black, &c., &c.; in later life remain silent altogether, or speak only in despair (fretful or patient according to their character); one who might have been among the best of them, the last we heard of, finding refuge for an entirely honest heart from a world which declares honesty to be impossible, only in a madness nearly as sorrowful as its own;—the religious madness which makes a beautiful soul ludicrous and ineffectual; and so passes away, bequeathing for our inheritance from its true and strong life, a pretty song about a tiger, another about a bird-cage, two or three golden couplets, which no one will ever take the trouble to understand,—the spiritual portrait of the ghost of a flea,—and the critical opinion that “the unorganised blots of Rubens and Titian are not Art.” Which opinion the public mind perhaps not boldly indorsing, is yet incapable of pronouncing adversely to it, that the said blots of Titian and Rubens *are* Art, perceiving for itself little good in them, and hanging them also well out of its way, at tops of walls (Titian's portrait of Charles V. at Munich, for example; Tintoret's *Susannah*, and Veronese's *Magdalen*, in the Louvre), that it may have room and readiness for what may be generally termed “railroad work,” bearing on matters more immediately in hand; said public looking to the present pleasure of its fancy, and the portraiture of itself in official and otherwise

imposing or entertaining circumstances, as the only “Right” cognisable by it.

II. And this is a deeper source of evil, by far, than the former one, for though it is ill for us to strain towards a right for which we have never ripened, it is worse for us to believe in no right at all. “Anything,” we say, “that a clever man can do to amuse us is good; what does not amuse us we do not want. Taste is assuredly a frivolous, apparently a dangerous gift; vicious persons and vicious nations have it; we are a practical people, content to know what we like, wise in not liking it too much, and when tired of it, wise in getting something we like better. Painting is of course an agreeable ornamental Art, maintaining a number of persons respectably, deserving therefore encouragement, and getting it pecuniarily, to an hitherto unheard of extent. What would you have more?” This is, I believe, very nearly our Art-creed. The fact being (very ascertainably by any one who will take the trouble to examine the matter) that there is a cultivated Art among all great nations, inevitably necessary to them as the fulfilment of one part of their human nature. None but savage nations are without Art, and civilised nations who do their Art ill, do it because there is something deeply wrong at their hearts. They paint badly as a paralysed man stammers, because his life is touched somewhere within; when the deeper life is full in a people, they speak clearly and rightly; paint clearly and rightly; think clearly and rightly. There is some reverse effect, but very little. Good pictures do not teach a nation; they are the signs of its having been taught. Good thoughts do not form a nation; it must be formed before it can think them. Let it once decay at the heart, and its good work and good thoughts will become subtle luxury and aimless sophism; and it and they will perish together.

It is my purpose, therefore, in some subsequent papers, with such help as I may anywhere receive, to try if there may not be determined some of the simplest laws which are indeed binding on Art practice and judgment. Beginning with elementary principle, and proceeding upwards as far as guiding laws are discernible, I hope to show, that if we do not yet know them, there are at least such laws to be known, and that it is of a deep and intimate importance to any people, especially to the English at this time, that their children should be sincerely taught whatever arts they learn, and in riper age become capable of a just choice and wise pleasure in the accomplished works of the artist. But I earnestly ask for help in this task. It is one which can only come to good issue by the consent and aid of many thinkers; and I would, with the permission of the Editor of this Journal, invite debate on the subject of each paper, together with brief and clear statements of consent or objection, with name of consenter or objector: so that after courteous discussion had, and due correction of the original statement, we may get something at last set down, as harmoniously believed by such and such known artists. If nothing can thus be determined, at least the manner and variety of dissent will show whether it is owing to the nature of the subject, or to the impossibility, under present circumstances, that different persons should approach it from similar points of view; and the inquiry, whatever its immediate issue, cannot be ultimately fruitless.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ROUT OF COMUS AND HIS BAND.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.

THIS picture owes its origin to a commission given several years ago by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, when Sir Edwin Landseer and several others of our most eminent painters were instructed to decorate the pavilion in the grounds of Buckingham Palace with frescoes. Sir Edwin selected for illustration a passage from Milton's “Comus,” a poem that has furnished subjects for numerous works both of painting and sculpture. We have not seen the fresco since it was first executed, and cannot, therefore, determine at this distance of time whether it exactly agrees with this picture,—the original sketch, we believe, for the larger work. There may be some difference between the two, but if so, it is very little. Both represent the rout of Comus, whose enchantments have transformed the unfortunate travellers through the wood in which he has taken up his abode into monsters:—

“Their human countenance,  
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were.”

A young lady, having heedlessly wandered into the domains of the sorcerer, falls into his hands, but cannot be induced by him to drink of

“The baneful cup  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him who drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Charactered in the face.”

While Comus is using all his powers of persuasion to entice her to taste, her two brothers, who have long been searching for her, “rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground;” his nondescript companions at first make a show of resistance, but are all driven in. The drama, or masque, of “Comus,” was founded on an incident that happened to the sons and daughter of Earl of Bridgewater, which Milton worked up into an imaginative story. The masque was performed, in 1634, at Ludlow Castle, where the earl then resided.

There must always be in the nondescript and unnatural combination of the human and brute forms a presentation to the mind of what is both disagreeable to the eye and repugnant to the feelings. Some individuals can more easily than others rid themselves of this disturbing influence; such will examine without any great measure of alloy this masterly composition; while even those to whom the burlesque scene is far from pleasant in itself, cannot fail to admire the artistic merits of the work. Comus occupies the centre of the picture; he is in full retreat with the others, his countenance indicating extreme anguish at the loss of his supernatural powers, for his enchanting wand, which he still holds, has become as it were a broken reed in his hand. A female figure of beautiful form, as the thin drapery which covers her shows, clings to him as if for safety. Round the pair is a motley group, hurrying as rapidly as they are able in the *melée*, from the apparent destruction awaiting them. A noticeable feature in the treatment of the subject is the aptitude with which the heads are fitted to the bodies, those of delicately formed animals being placed on the female and other slight figures, and stout, burly bodies wearing the heads of large and ferocious beasts.



THE  
EARLY PAINTERS OF ENGLAND.

SIR PETER LELY.

WALPOLE's own account of Sir Peter Lely, in his well-known *Anecdotes*, as left by him for posthumous publication, fills three pages of the quarto edition (the only edition we have, strange to say,) of Walpole's Works. To the two reprints of the *Anecdotes* in 1826 and 1849 Mr. Dallaway added a few trifling notes, and Mr. Wornum a few others of a like character. Our knowledge, therefore, of this popular painter (in full practice in fashionable London for thirty-five years, 1645—1680) is indeed "nearly nought." To what Walpole and his editors tell us, so scantily, I propose to add (from a variety of sources) some new materials to our catalogue and tombstone information touching Sir Peter when in England.

In the first place, I have discovered the prices which Lely "painted at," a point of importance in a painter's life. His prices were not high, and this is the more wonderful when we reflect on the large fortune he died worth, and the style in which he is known to have lived both at London and at Kew. In the MS. accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber to King Charles II. (formerly in the Audit Office, Somerset House) I find this entry connected with two great names in English Art and English literature:—

Paid to Sir William Temple for the reimbursing him for the like summe by him paid to Mr. Lilly for their Majesties Pictures: by virtue of the Lord Chamberlain's Warrant dated the 20th of September, 1671. . . . . l<sup>s</sup>.

Thirty pounds a portrait, though equal to sixty pounds a picture of the year 1864, would hardly fall in with the terms of Messrs. Grant or Boxall, the Academicians.

But Lely lived to charge higher. In a MS. volume of the Household Expenses of Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., I find an entry under the 20th of October, 1678, of forty pounds "To Mr. Lilly for a Picture." \* This was probably a knee piece of the Windsor Beauty size—Lely's favourite canvas—and as this was his price two years before his death, he is not likely to have raised it.

Lely was buried in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden (the parish in which he lived), by torchlight, on the 7th of December, 1680, and the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence was paid by his executors for the ground and the use of the pall. His monument, for which he left one hundred pounds, was the work of his neighbour Grinling Gibbons. The famous fire of 1795, which destroyed Inigo's Covent Garden church, destroyed Gibbons's bust of Sir Peter Lely; any kind of representation of it is, I believe, unknown.

The Will of Sir Peter Lely was printed for the Camden Society in the year 1863, under the editorial and competent care of Mr. J. Gough Nichols. It was made the year before his death. One of his executors was Hugh May, Comptroller of the Works at Windsor. Lely died rich, the forty days' sale of his effects by public auction producing, it is said, £26,000, at the very least sixty thousand pounds of the money of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Sir Godfrey Kneller (knight and baronet) did not die so rich, nor did Sir Joshua, and certainly Sir Thomas Lawrence did not leave as much.

One "item" in Lely's will, Taits and

Milmans and Penroses will like to be reminded of—towards the rebuilding of St. Paul's under Wren, Lely left fifty pounds.

Like an admiring Hollander, Sir Peter sought and acquired his landed property in England amid the flats and foss-dykes of Lincolnshire. It was in land and in marvellous collections of Art-treasures (some still carrying his stamped initials) that he invested the large earnings of his active and able pencil.

His Executors' Account Book is among the Additional MSS. of the British Museum (No. 16,174.)

"Lelys," or so-called "Lelys," are numerous enough in England, but were little understood by dealers (Mr. Farrer excepted) until Manchester, at its Art-Treasures Exhibition, gave place to some five and twenty examples of his pencil. It was then seen how closely and successfully Lely had founded his style on Vandycck. If cruel necessity had not put his fine full-length of the Duchess of Portsmouth (the Goodwood picture) too high to be studied, the air of the head and the whole treatment of the bust of Mrs. Carwell (Louise Renée de Penecourt de Quérouelle) would have raised Lely higher in Royal Academy of Arts reputation than portrait painters are at times willing to allow his reputation deserves to reach.

A list of Lely's works with their present whereabouts is among "things" hitherto "unattempted" and is much needed. The following list (a work of labour and of love not lost) will lead, I trust, more to additions than corrections. Our National Gallery (shame to say) does not contain a single specimen of Sir Peter's pencil.

## MALE PORTRAITS.

KING CHARLES I., and his son the Duke of York at the age of 14. Drawn at Hampton Court when the King was last there (in 1647). At "Sion House (the Duke of Northumberland's)."

OLIVER CROMWELL. The pimple and wart picture; said to be at Chicksands (Sir John Osborne's) in Bedfordshire. If all the known portraits of Oliver were brought to London for a month and seen together, the exhibition would prove instructive and remunerative.

KING CHARLES II. Full-length, in St. George's Hall, Windsor; another (in armour) in the Council Chamber, at the same place. Three-quarter at Winchester, presented to the Corporation by the King himself, 1 Sept., 1682, when he was made free of the Corporation.

DUKE OF YORK (King James II.). If the full-length in St. George's Hall, Windsor, is by Lely, it was painted before the Duke's accession to the throne. Lely died four years before King Charles II. died.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, youngest son of Charles I., when a child. At Windsor.

PRINCE RUPERT. Half-length, at Windsor, holding a truncheon. Waagen says it is "very near to Vandycck."

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE (Monk). At the Town Hall, Exeter. Monk was a Devonshire worthy.

DUKE OF ORMOND (Butler).

DUKE OF MONMOUTH (James Crofts), fine full-length of, at the Duke of Buccleuch's, Dalkeith Palace.

DUKE OF LAUDERDALE (Maitland), fine portrait of. At Ham House, Petersham. Another at Thirlstone House, Scotland.

LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON (Edward Hyde). Three-quarters, in his robes as Chancellor. At Lord Clarendon's, at The Grove, Herts.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON (Thomas Wriothesley). At Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's). Engraved in Lodge.

EARL OF ST. ALBAN'S (Queen Henrietta Maria's Henry Jermy). At Rushbrook, in Suffolk.

LORD CHANCELLOR NOTTINGHAM (Heneage Finch). At Gorbamby. Engraved in Lodge.

LORD CHANCELLOR SHAFTESBURY (Anthony Ashley Cooper). At the Earl of Shaftesbury's, St. Giles's House, Dorset.

EARL OF ROCHESTER (John Wilmot). At Lord Sandwich's, at Hinchinbrooke; another formerly at Stanmore Priory, Middlesex.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (Philip Stanhope), the handsome earl of De Grammont. At Bretby (Lord Chesterfield's).

EARL OF MANCHESTER (— Montagu). At Woburn. Engraved in Lodge.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Josceline Percy), as a boy. At Petworth, and fine.

VISCOUNT BROWNE (Henry Browne), First President of the Royal Society. At Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's).

EARL OF STAMFORD (Henry Grey, 1st Earl). At Dunham Massey, in Cheshire (Lord Stamford and Warrington's). Engraved in Lodge.

THOMAS LORD CLIFFORD, of the Cabal. At Ugborough, Devonshire.

VISCOUNT DUNDEE (John Graham of Claverhouse). At Glamis Castle (the Earl of Strathmore's). Engraved in Lodge. Duplicate at Abbotsford, and highly valued by Sir Walter Scott.

LORD CROFTS OF SAXHAM (the mad fellow Crofts of De Grammont). At Hengrave Hall, Suffolk.

LORD CORNWALLIS (Charles, 3rd Lord). At Audley End (Lord Braybrooke's).

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.

SIR GEOFFREY PALMER.

SIR PHILIP WARWICK.

SIR HARBOTTLE GRIMSTON. At Gorbamby.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW. Lady Fanshawe refers in her memoirs to the portrait of her husband by Lely.

SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, Secretary of State.

SIR LEOLINE JENKINS. At Jesus College, Oxford.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (the statesman and essayist). At Lord Palmerston's, Broadlands, Hants.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

SIR RALPH BANKES. At Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire.

MR. CESAR. At Rousham, Oxfordshire.

COL. WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM (of the Bedchamber to Charles I.). At the Earl of Ashburnham's, Ashburnham Place, Sussex.

EDWARD PROGENS (of the Bedchamber to Charles I. and II.).

TOBIAS RUSTAT (of the Bedchamber to Charles II.) fine portrait of. At Jesus College, Oxford.

JOHN HERVEY OF ICKWORTH. At Ickworth, Suffolk.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (as a Shepherd). Horace Walpole's picture, bought at the Strawberry Hill sale by the Minister Sir Robert Peel, and now at Drayton Manor.

EDMUND WALLER. At Rousham, Oxfordshire. Half-length, seated, holding a paper inscribed "Sed Carmina major imago."

SAMUEL BUTLER. At the Bodleian, and Lord Clarendon's, The Grove, Herts. Mr. Farrer had a third.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. At Drayton Manor (Sir Robert Peel's). Sold at Watson Taylor's sale for 26 guineas. Excellently engraved by John Smith, with Wycherley's own selected motto from Virgil beneath it, placed there in his old age, "Quantum mutatus ab illo."

CHARLES COTTON (Walton's associate).

JOHN OGILBY (the translator and geographer). At the Bodleian.

THOMAS STANLEY (poet). Only known by Faithorne's admirable engraving from it.

THOMAS SIMON (the medallist). This picture, of which unfortunately nothing is now known, was seriously injured by the fall, in 1702, of Grinling Gibbons's house in Bow Street.

HUGH MAY (architect) and GRINLING GIBBONS (the carver) on one canvas.

SIR PETER LELY. A head (engraved in Dallaway's Walpole). Formerly at Strawberry Hill, now at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby.

"It was objected against a late noble painter [meaning Lely] that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him."—Dryden, *Preface to Second Miscellany*.

Another portrait of Lely by himself, "animated and careful" (Waagen), is at Longford Castle (Lord Radnor's).

\* Additional MS. in British Museum, 10,613. This payment to Lely is here referred to in print for the first time.

## THE LELY "FLAGMEN,"

Painted for the Duke of York (James II.), and strangely enough never engraved. The "Flagmen" are twelve in number:—

1. JAMES DUKE OF YORK (King James II.).
2. EARL OF SANDWICH (Edward Montagu). Duplicate at Lord Sandwich's, at Hinchinbrooke, Hunts. Engraved in Lodge.
3. SIR THOMAS ALLEN (Sir Morton Peto's predecessor in Suffolk).
4. SIR GEORGE ASCUE.
5. SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY.
6. SIR THOMAS HARMAN. The finest of the series, very Vandyck-like in conception and treatment.
7. SIR JOSEPH JORDAN.
8. SIR JOHN LAWSON.
9. SIR CHRISTOPHER MENNY.
10. SIR WILLIAM PENN (father of Quaker Penn).
11. SIR JEREMY SMITH.
12. SIR THOMAS TIDDIMAN.

Of these twelve portraits, eleven were given by George IV. to Greenwich Hospital. The one not given, Sir John Lawson (and why not given I know not), is at Hampton Court. Her Majesty, we make little doubt, would readily consent to its return to the series, and to its proper hanging at Greenwich.\*

## FEMALE PORTRAITS.

- QUEEN OF CHARLES II. (Catherine of Braganza).  
 DUCHESS OF YORK (Anne Hyde, mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne).  
 DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND (Barbara Palmer), one of the Beauties.  
 DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. Full-length, at Goodwood (the Duke of Richmond's), and fine.  
 DUCHESS OF MAZARIN. At King's Weston, in Gloucestershire. The Duke of St. Alban's has I believe a very fine portrait of the Mazarin by Lely.  
 DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.  
 DUCHESS OF RICHMOND (La Belle Stuart). Sold at the Stowe sale to Lord Blantyre (a Stuart) for 68 guineas: a full-length in brown satin, with black scarf fastened with pearl-headed pins. A good Lely of La Belle is at Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's).  
 DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (Margaret Lucas, the authoress). Very fine full-length of her, in blue, at Welbeck (the Duke of Portland's).  
 MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON (Anne Lee, daughter of Sir Henry Lee). Three-quarters. Formerly at Houghton, now at St. Petersburg.  
 COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD (— Butler, daughter of the Duke of Ormond, and one of the De Grammont heroines). At Narford (Mr. Fountaine's), in Norfolk. Engraved for Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties." Horace Walpole had a copy made in crayons of this fine picture. It is mentioned by Granger.  
 COUNTESS OF MIDDLESEX. Three-quarters, very elegant. In Bridgewater Gallery.  
 COUNTESS OF KILDARE, holding a flower. At Drayton Manor (Sir Robert Peel's).  
 COUNTESS OF SOUTHERN (Anne Carnegie). At Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's). Another sold at the Stowe sale for £84.  
 LADY HENRIETTA BERKELEY. Three-quarters, seated, in a brown dress, very elegant. Sold at the Stowe sale to James Dorington, Esq., of Hanover Square, for 70 guineas.  
 LADY ISABELLA THYNN (the lady celebrated in verse by Waller and Cotton).  
 LADY GIFFARD (Sir William Temple's sister). Jervas, the painter, told Dean Swift that it was in Lely's best manner, and the drapery all by the same hand.† Lord Palmerston has this picture, I believe.  
 NELL GWYN. At Bothwell Castle, and Goodrich Court; and admirably engraved for Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of King Charles II." Two portraits of her, price £25

\* Since this was written I observe that the Sir John Lawson is not mentioned by Pepys (18th April, 1666) with the rest of the Flagmen. I have a note that he was killed in June, 1665; ample reason enough, perhaps, for the omission; but still—in my belief, Lawson formed one of the Lely Flagmen.

† Swift's Works, by Sir Walter Scott, xix, 57.

each, one "unfinished," are entered in the account book of Lely's executors.

LUCY WATERS (the mother of the Duke of Monmouth). At the Duke of Buccleuch's, Dalkeith Palace.

MARGARET HUGHES (the mistress of Prince Rupert). At Middleton, in Oxfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Jersey. A half-length of Mrs. Hughes is mentioned in the account book of Lely's executors; a Mr. Bayley bought it for £17 10s.

MRS. UPHILL (an actress, first the mistress, then the wife of Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law). A half-length is mentioned in Lely's executors' accounts, price £14 15s.

I have reserved to the last the Lely or "Windsor Beauties," as they are called, now at Hampton Court. They are so well known that a mere catalogue will be sufficient. The Countess de Grammont is by far the finest of the twelve.

## THE LELY BEAUTIES,

Painted for the Duchess of York, and well engraved by Wright and others, with sensible letterpress by the late Mrs. Jameson.

"Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for anything but *Maids of Honour*."—*Walpole (Wornum, p. 427)*.

1. DUCHESS OF YORK (Anne Hyde).
2. DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND (Barbara Palmer).
3. DUCHESS OF RICHMOND (Frances Stuart).
4. COUNTESS OF ROCHESTER (Henrietta Boyle).
5. COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Elizabeth Wriothesley).
6. COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND (Anne Digby).
7. COUNTESS OF OSSORY.
8. COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH (Elizabeth Bagot).
9. COUNTESS GRAMMONT (La Belle Hamilton).
10. LADY DENHAM (the poet's wife).
11. LADY WHITMORE.
12. MRS. JANE MIDDLETON.

My task of cataloguing the *animated* canvases of a favourite painter has been a laborious but a pleasant one. I invite from every well-informed person both corrections and additions.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

## THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS Society opened its third exhibition of "sketches," on the 26th of November, with an assemblage not less remarkable for beauty than the finished works that occupy the walls in summer, and in a multitude of instances much more distinguished for spirit. The probationary term for a winter exhibition has been short; the experiment was successful on its first trial, and it is now confirmed for annual recurrence. It was observed in these columns, in reference to the first exhibition, that the free manner of the drawings of that occasion would mature into that of "studies," which again would advance into pictures. And so it is; yet with the increased care observable in these works, it cannot be said that generally the artists transgress the conditions under which they are understood to present themselves before the public. There are some drawings worked out to the extremity of nice manipulation; but a knowledge of painters and their works teaches us there are men who cannot trust themselves to sketch—they can make nothing speak but a finished picture. While, again, there are others whose elaborate works become simply hardware, from a defect of vision—that of seeing too much—though the same drawings half wrought had been soft and brilliant.

In the landscapes, all open-air studies, there will be found much freshness and sweetness, which in very many cases far excel the best qualities of the studio drawings by the same hands.

The figure subjects are comparatively few: forth of his wizard's cauldron John Gilbert conjures—'Don Quixote disputing with the Priest and the Barber,' 'Nurse and Peter,' from 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Falstaff and Justice Shallow,' and a 'Drinking Chorus,' with some others. To say anything of these would be but a repetition of eulogies sung in these columns long ago. 'Saved' (107), F. W. Topham, is the sketch for the drawing exhibited last year. By F. Smallfield there is a study, 'After Sunset Merrily' (350), of Italian figures, spirited, characteristic, and luminous. Carl Haag's contributions are remarkable for their variety, point, and truth; they are numerous, and might be much more so, as they evidence a remarkably rapid method of drawing. 'Designs of the Four Seasons to be executed in Robbia Ware' (330), E. Burne Jones, show a singular power of compliance with severe conditions.

Frederick Tayler's communications are as usual unique in their way; they would persuade us that we live too late, that all romance and gallantry died with the seventeenth century. Miss Gillies, eminent for the sentiment of her female figures, has sent a 'Girl with Faggots' (140), 'From Toulouse' (142), 'Study in Dieppe Cathedral' (319), 'Study of a Head' (327), &c. 'A Sketch for Subjects from Denis Duval' (401), and 'A Sketch' (420), are two slight forecasts by F. Walker, the painter of last year's 'Philip.' 'A Meadow' (184), by Walter Goodall, is a careful study, coloured with much delicacy. E. Duncan paints the living rock and the "glad waters," in 'St. Abbs' Head' (440), and not less true are 'Road across the Sands to Holy Island' (440), and 'The Ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey' (37), with others, all essentially local studies fully worked out. Of the works of the late J. D. Harding there are not less than twenty-one examples. The studies by Birket Foster are charming; with apparently an eye of great penetration he has eminently the gift of dealing with difficulties, so as to make the worse appear the better feature. Grouped in one frame are four sketches (27), by George A. Fripp, remarkable for their reality. By T. M. Richardson, the 'Bay at Portree, Isle of Skye' (17), 'Four Studies from Nature' (93), and 'Four Studies from Nature in the Islands' (263), by their shortcomings in respect of what may be called studio finish, refer more immediately to the face of nature than some of the finished drawings we have seen by this painter. Those of John Burgess maintain throughout an incorruptible regard for veracity of description and an utter disregard of the playful amenities of execution. 'Six Sketches and Studies' (54), James Holland, exhibit immense enthusiasm, with the rare talent of effecting very much by means of very little.

Dodgson's drawings set forth some of the most beautiful phenomena of nature, as in a 'Study in Knole Park' (23). J. J. Jenkins has betaken himself to English landscape, in which he displays not less power than in his former class of subjects. And there are highly meritorious studies by G. H. Andrews; S. Reade; E. A. Goodall; D. Cox, jun.; S. P. Jackson; W. Collingwood; Paul J. Naftel; E. Lundgren; J. W. Whittaker; A. Glennie, &c.; the whole forming an exhibition incomparably better than the two that have preceded.



# WOOD-CARVING BY GRINDLING GIBBONS,

IN THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Good service to Art has been done, and done in various ways, by the numerous local archaeological societies which, during the last quarter of a century, have attained to such a flourishing condition in many of the counties of England. Through the agency of these associations a taste and a feeling for all true and noble Art have grown out of a search after early Art. The archaeological societies also have impressed upon their members the advantages of organised and systematic action; they have shown how a fashion may be elevated into a study, and they have gone on to demonstrate that even the study of antiquities can be treated in a manner, which may prove no less agreeable and attractive than practically useful. But more especially in their printed and published transactions, and miscellaneous papers, these societies have deserved well of all who are devoted to the true interests of Art. In these productions two objects, both of them most difficult to accomplish by any other means, have found the most satisfactory accomplishment; the one is, that the almost unknown existence of early works of Art of various kinds has been recorded; and in the next place, copious, faithful, and frequently carefully illustrated descriptions of many of these relics have been published. The publications of the local archaeological societies, in their influence upon the study of Art, may be compared with what will not be readily forgotten—the "Loan Collection" exhibited in 1862 at the South Kensington

Museum. They lay open unexplored stores of examples of what the artist-workers of past times have done; and they lead the student-workers of to-day to inquire and to compare, that they may acquire fresh stores of experience and enlightenment through the ever-widening channels of investigation and comparison.

Unfortunately, like the Loan Exhibition, the publications of the local archaeological societies are open only to a restricted number of readers. These volumes, indeed, can scarcely be said to be published, so far as the community at large is concerned; still they do exist, and they are accessible, and consequently it is possible for other publications which enjoy a far wider range of circulation, to carry out and to complete what these works are constrained to leave imperfect, or to keep within the narrow limits of their own comparatively small circle.

Among other subjects of commanding archaeological interest, and also of special present value to lovers and students of Art, are the cathedrals and the larger and more important churches. These edifices are, each in its own degree, storehouses of works of early Art. In the days when cathedrals were built, the best artists in every department of Art concentrated their powers in

the grand work of adorning them. Marble, and stone, and wood, were sculptured and carved, and metal was wrought, with the best of skill and the highest of aim. The times have altered since those days; and one change has succeeded to another, until now, at length, we are learning to regard even the shattered relics of those bygone centuries as treasures of Art, which we shall do well to study with thoughtful attention, while we secure them from further injury with renewed care. The archaeological societies' publications have not failed to bestow a becoming portion of their regard upon the various specimens of early Art-workmanship that yet linger in our larger churches; and they lead ourselves, among others, to explore these same unconscious museums, that we may point out to students of Art who are not, and who do not even desire to be, members of archaeological societies, how much of valuable instruction and suggestion may be acquired from the study of both the greater works and the minor accessories of our national ecclesiastical architecture.

The art of carving wood for various decorative purposes has been very auspiciously revived amongst us, and vigorous efforts are now being made to raise this beautiful and eminently useful art to the highest possible standing of excellence. One all-important agency for improving the wood-carving of the present day is to familiarise living wood-carvers with the best works of their predecessors; and many of those best works are to be found beneath cathedral roofs. The stalls of the choir at Winchester, and those also at Lincoln and Norwich, we well remember to have seen so disguised beneath paint and accumulated dust, that their high merits as examples of truly artistic wood-

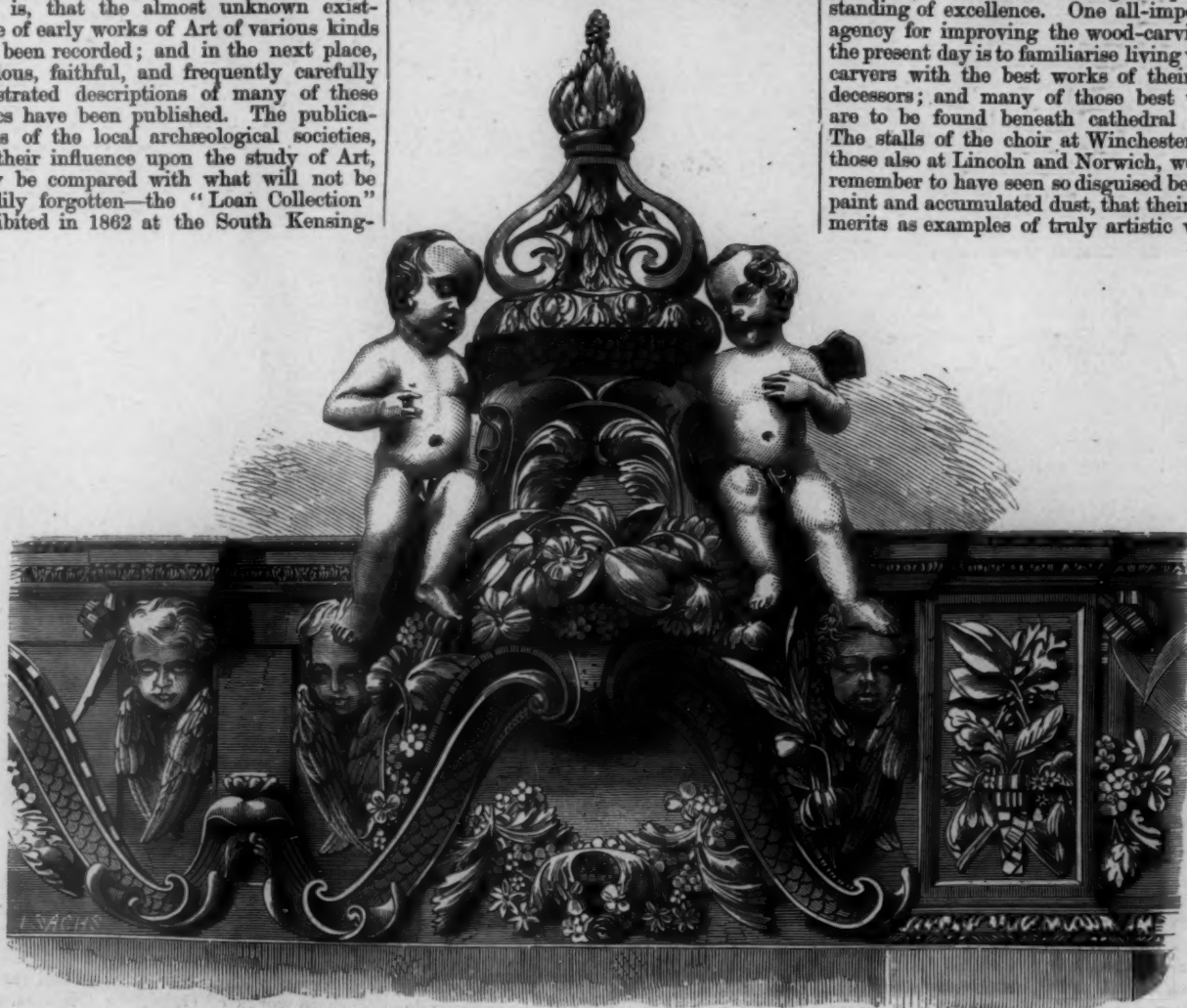


Fig. 1.

carving of different periods of the great Gothic era were altogether lost. Now, thanks to a better archaeological sentiment, paint and dust have alike disappeared, and these admirable specimens of the skill of early carvers in wood are restored to their true

dignity, and they may be readily and most advantageously studied by all who are able to find time and leisure to visit them. In like manner, vast numbers of works, and fragments of works, of the wood-carver's art have been brought into notice, and re-

stored (in the proper sense of that term) in other churches, many of them edifices of comparatively humble architectural pretensions; and yet these remains have proved to be well worthy of careful preservation, because they have shown themselves quali-

fied not only to exemplify their own period, but also to give instruction of practical utility in its application to the requirements of our own time.

As a general rule, architectural wood-carving may be considered to be distinguished by certain conventionalities of style and treatment, which adapt it to its special uses in connection with architecture itself properly so called. This is more particularly the case in Gothic carved wood-work; it is essentially Gothic, and it yields a submissive obedience both to the Gothic

feeling of its time, and to the distinctive requirements of the edifice and the part of the edifice in which it is destined to appear. There exists, however, another class of wood-carving, which is based upon principles that are in decided opposition to such motives and sentiments as these. There is the strictly naturalistic style of carved wood-work, as well as the emphatically conventional; and the artists who have devoted themselves to this naturalistic style, claim for their wood-carving the supreme merit of universal applicability, combined

with the highest perfection of the wood-carver's art. It is altogether to be desired that the wood-carvers of our own times should study the best examples of both styles. They will assuredly learn much from both the conventional and the naturalistic schools. And it is more than probable they will consider *that* to be the most valuable lesson which impresses most forcibly upon their minds the conviction that both styles have imperfections as well as excellencies, and which accordingly leads them at once to avoid failures and errors



Fig. 2.

both on the right and on the left, and also to work out the combination of apparently conflicting successes and triumphs.

A cathedral built, and its structural members decorated, in the time of Queen Anne, can scarcely expect to be regarded as an edifice that comes within the province of archaeology. And yet archaeologists may fall into many much greater inconsistencies than such as they might be disposed to assign to the investigation and study of the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul. In the

one particular to which we now more particularly refer, St. Paul's Cathedral possesses strong claims upon every person who entertains a respect for the Arts, as well of all past ages as of those which are more decidedly remote from themselves. St. Paul's is rich in wood-carvings—the works of GRINDLING GIBBONS. And these carvings by this remarkable master of the art of the wood-carver are in the highest degree characteristic of the artist himself, and of his own style of Art and system of treatment,

and they also may be justly accepted as typical specimens of their naturalistic school of carving in wood. We have selected for engraving a sufficient number and variety of these works of Grindling Gibbons, now in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, to enable us to deal with them as illustrations of a style of peculiar value to students.

It will be observed, that in these carvings Grindling Gibbons has adopted five distinct yet closely allied modifications of his system of design and treatment. First, there are



flowers and foliage in combination, with no other accessories than certain flowing ribbons, the whole being purely naturalistic, as in Fig. 4; or the foliage being so far subjected to a certain conventionality as to be conformed in a degree to the scroll-foliage of Roman Art, as in Figs. 6 and 7. Secondly, we have before us a panel, Fig. 3, in which, without any architectural forms or adaptations, the design is strictly arabesque, without any flowers, and with only so much of foliage of the most decidedly conventional character, as would be necessary to relieve and to combine the mere lines of the composition. In the third place, as in the moulding, Fig. 5, the floral and foliated members of the composition are more prominent, the latter being somewhat less remote from the true natural forms, while the arabesque lines retain their decided distinctness. Next, we see the artist constructing and carving mere decorative surfaces upon positive architectural members, as in the canopy in part represented in Fig. 2. And, finally, in this same Fig. 2, and also in Fig. 1, we observe in what manner the artist would bring together, in order to produce a single composition, his natural flowers and leafage with the forms of living creatures, his pure arabesques, his semi-conventional foliage, the winged infants and infantine heads, the terminal figures of the Renaissance, and the carved structural architecture of his canopies and cornices.

Thus, in Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7, the artist expatiates freely in working out his own strong love for natural forms. Here, with some indications of the influences of the study of arabesques and of classic or semi-classic scroll-work, Gibbons puts forth his strength and bids the hard wood, which has grown up into the tall and massive tree-trunk, to be-

come flowers and leaves and fruits also. This is the naturalistic style in freedom, rejoicing in natural forms, and struggling to reproduce them, as far as may be, truth-

with that happy combination of thoughtful care and bold indifference which proclaims a master 'thoroughly enjoying his work, these carvings command unqualified admiration. Let us not neglect to advert to the consummate skill with which the boldest of these carvings is, in at least a becoming degree, adjusted to the character and the capacity of the material in which it is executed. This is a point always to be kept carefully in remembrance by every true artist and true artist-workman. These are genuine wood-carvings. They profess to be wood-carvings, and they realise exactly what they profess. On the contrary, in opposition to this felicitous appropriateness, Fig. 3 presents us with a design far better adapted to the structural characteristics and qualities of iron than of wood. The ribbons in Fig. 4 (the example is from an elaborately enriched panel) can scarcely establish any title to being true carvings in wood—there is about them more of the touch of the hammer on metal than of the chisel on oak; there is a metallic feeling about the arabesque lines in Fig. 5; and Fig. 3 is positive metal-work wrought in wood. This panel, in fact, might have been wrought to form a part of the famous Hampton Court gates, and its harmonious agreement with the rest of that remarkable example of the art of the smith would have been admitted at once.

Except in their more natural flowers and leaves, and in the true Gibbons-carving between the figures in Fig. 1, and immediately above the semicircular arch in Fig. 2, both the cornice represented in Fig. 1, and the canopy of No. 2, are designed in a manner that would be equally



Fig. 3.

fully, and without any conventional influence. Nothing can be finer than these carvings. Rich to luxuriance, free in handling, masterly in touch, every detail wrought

applicable to carving executed either in stone or in wood. As Renaissance architectural carved work, studiously adjusted to Renaissance architecture, these compositions



Fig. 4.

are perfect examples of their class. The several component parts are equally faithful to their common style, and they are brought together and combined to produce a single

composition, in exact conformity with the feeling and the practice of that style. The carving of all these various examples exhibits the same exact and expert manipu-

lation. Whatever portion of his work we may subject to our most critical examination, we shall always discover the traces of the same gifted mind and the same skilful

hand. In some of his carvings Grindling Gibbons naturally demonstrates what forms and combinations of forms he loved best, and executed with the greatest satisfaction: but in all his carvings we can readily distinguish that impress, which proclaims them to be works of the same Grindling Gibbons.

With the carvings in St. Paul's Cathedral we may connect, as allied models for the benefit of students, the woodwork by the same master in the Chapel of Trinity Col-

lege, Oxford. The designs, in their style and character, are essentially the same. The carver has introduced the same classes and the same varieties of materials, and he has treated them precisely in a similar manner. These carvings, which are in perfect preservation, are in every respect equal to the examples in the metropolitan cathedral. Like the St. Paul's carvings, the woodwork by Gibbons at Oxford exemplifies the extraordinary ability of the artist to

carve in salient relief, to execute the boldest under-cutting, and to produce in the wood the natural texture of the fruits and flowers and foliage.

One result of our examination into these truly fine carvings, is the evidence which they bring before us of the complete subjection of the artist, in his most important works, to the conventional influences of the style of his era. Than our examples, Figs. 1, 2, and 3, nothing can be more decidedly



Fig. 5.

conventional—more decided in the conventionality of a certain style. In all probability, we should have applied precisely the same remark to the finest of the carved oak stall-canopies in the choir of Norwich Cathedral, with their remarkable crockets formed of pelicans, each with one outspread wing, and all of them wrought with such exquisite skill, had Gothic wood-carving been our present immediate subject. It is, indeed, most true that we enjoy the grand

advantage of contemplating them from a sufficient distance to form a just estimate of the conventional influences whether of the era of Queen Anne or of Margaret of Anjou. We can observe and study the works both of Grindling Gibbons and of those who lived, and worked more years before he flourished, than have elapsed between his period and our own. What we have to do, therefore, is, to apply such great advantages to our own real benefit. We have to study

as students who are in earnest in their desire to learn. And our learning must be such as will exemplify its character and also its capacity, through its practical action upon our own Art. The works of Grindling Gibbons are eloquent teachers to our own carvers of wood. They point out the path to eminence: they indicate also the no less important warnings, which may guide us in safety away from whatever might cripple our powers or mislead them



Fig. 6.

in their application. Whatever the objects may be that we study, it will be our wisdom to seek as well the lessons that warn as those that encourage and direct. Our carvers of wood require long, profound, and thoughtful study of the conventional, and also of the natural, in their Art. They need to observe what effects result from every modification of natural treatment, from every combination of natural with artificial and conventionalised forms, and also from

the direct action of positive conventionalism. And this observation must extend to treatment, to execution and touch and finish, as well as to design and composition and aggroupment.

Our woodcuts may accomplish something for those who study after such a fashion as this: but the wood-carvings themselves, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and also in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford, tell their own tale best and most effectually, and to them

we cordially refer all who would thoroughly and perfectly master the lessons of which we have been writing.

In like manner we commend to the thoughtful study of our own wood-carvers the works of those earlier masters of their Art who lived and worked in the great Gothic era—the productions of the men who designed and executed the wood-carvings that yet remain in the cathedrals, with which the predecessor of Wren's St. Paul's



Fig. 7.

was a contemporary. On some future occasion we may make such Gothic wood-carvings as those to which we now refer the subject of our special consideration. Meanwhile, we close our present notice of the wood-carvings of Grindling Gibbons with the admonition to students of our own times, that the really great works of all past times are associated in the strong alliance of a common fellowship in Art, and therefore that they all participate in a com-

mon claim upon their reverent regard. We remind them also that we have still living and working amongst us a veteran artist, whom they may regard as a second Gibbons, whose wood-carvings may be studied in connection with those of Gibbons himself, and who thus, in the happiest and most impressive manner, exemplifies the practical teaching of the Gibbons school. Mr. Rogers might have worked side by side with Sir Christopher Wren's great wood-carver,

had he lived in the days of Queen Anne: we now may congratulate ourselves in possessing a wood-carver of such distinguished ability,—one who, in the days of Queen Victoria, has secured for himself a reputation equal to that of the most eminent of his predecessors; and we have shown by these observations and engravings how much existing wood-carvers may learn from the works of their great master.

CHARLES BOUTELL.



## A WORKING LIFE.\*

IN the list of names of earnest men who have honourably laboured in spreading knowledge among their fellows, there is none more deserving respectful recognition (such as it will receive now and hereafter) than that of Mr. Charles Knight. An energetic pioneer, he had to thread his way through a dark mass of old-fashioned forms and prejudices, to combat trade fallacies, and, at his proper risk, to fight against and subdue them. In his early youth cheap literature was unknown. The generation that has arisen since he, with others, firmly established the great boon, can scarcely imagine what the state of general literature then was, or the difficulties that beset its improvement. Mr. Knight has lived to see his own cheapness "out-cheapened," and his *Penny Magazine*, once considered a miracle at its price, dear when compared with modern "pennyworths," such as the press now furnishes.

"A working life" is a simple and most appropriate title for the Book of Mr. Knight. It has been one of constant labour from its earliest years to its latest, for the earnest old bookseller labours yet. The rewards of literature are never ample; and though in his instance a large business knowledge was combined with literary power, from very obvious causes it failed to bring fortune. Many may have reaped where he has sowed, for it is the fate of such men to make the way clear for others that was all but impracticable to themselves. Add to this that he had the tastes of a scholar and a gentleman, a real love for literature and Art, and then we may perhaps understand why the end has been less fortunate than it should have been.

It will be obvious that Mr. Knight's volumes are not to be considered as records of his working life only. He has from the earliest years of his career been associated with scholars of the best class, and with men who had the great cause of intellectual progress at heart; chief among them was Henry Brougham, and it is gratifying to read in Mr. Knight's pages of the friendship that still links together the great ex-chancellor and his old publisher. Mr. Knight's pages record the growth of the cheap and wholesome literature which he has done so much to establish; hence his volumes will always have a value as part of the history of progress in civilisation. His first volume is particularly instructive reading, and deserves very extended perusal; it cannot fail to interest all who desire to know the value of the present over the past, and it will in no small degree surprise many to find, although that past is removed so little from our present time, that the changes have been so great and so important.

It is not too much to assert that a man of fifty years of age at the present day has seen more of change and vast social improvement than was spread over a century and a half of previous time. In reading Mr. Knight's record of old Windsor, when George III. and his court were there in the full vigour of their somewhat mild glory, or his account of London and the book trade as he first remembered it, we feel very much as we do when reading the records of Queen Anne. It is all very odd, very respectable, "very slow," but apparently as far removed from modern style as the days of Marlborough; yet to Mr. Knight, and very many others still among us, it was the every-day life of England. It is difficult to realise these old days of obstinate prejudice among the influential, and of grumbling acquiescence among inferiors. Unreasonable bigotry was simply opposed to ignorant want; hence originated rioting and the Manchester mobs of the following reign. If reading was to be had, it was to be had under difficulties; newspapers paid stamp duties, and a host of other duties, almost enough to destroy the crippled press. Indeed there was an evident desire on the part of government to baulk political information; and nothing could do this better than a duty of fourpence on every newspaper, and three shillings and sixpence on each

advertisement. It is strange to think such a state of things existed but forty years ago.

When Charles Knight was a young man booksellers were content to publish very little at large prices; they had no wish for a cheap literature and a diffusion of knowledge; their own trade regulations were in opposition to it. We must not, however, blame the booksellers alone; they were tradesmen, educated by older traders, and imbibing old restrictive ideas—as was perfectly natural. But many men of station and learning had even narrower ideas of the danger of popularising education; it tended in their notions to break down the barriers of rank, and to revolutionise England. It is not wonderful to find in such times the Company of Stationers opposing all useful and sensible almanacs, and sticking as long as they could to the grotesque indecencies of Poor Robin, or the solemn fooleries of Francis Moore, physician. We are not sure that the latter worthy is dead yet; we only know that he worked for his reputation in the days of Charles II., and was innocently believed to be in the full vigour of prognostication when Mr. Knight opposed his prophecies by facts some fifty years ago.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was the first important opposition to the old state of things. That body supplied readers having only moderate purses with information of a first-rate kind at a cheap rate. Their opening career was beset by difficulties, but they were too strong in the right to be conquered by the wrong. It is amusing to read of the minor obstacles in their path, and how author, engraver, publisher, printer, and mechanist had to meet in solemn conclave over the production of very ordinary press-work, so little experience had they then of illustrated literature. Then came the *Penny Magazine*, with woodcuts that were looked upon as marvels of costly Art. Many of them are ludicrous now. Improvement constantly followed success, and Mr. Knight ultimately issued works that will bear any rivalry, and are not likely to be surpassed. We allude particularly to his "Shakespeare" and "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The art of the wood-engraver has never been carried higher than in these beautiful books; it is an art that has dwindled since then—sound engraving, in which some knowledge of Art was demanded from the engraver, having generally given place to mechanical elaboration, imitating very often merely bad blotted etching.

We must await a future volume for Mr. Knight's own explanation of why all these works were not a monetary, as they assuredly were a literary and artistic, success. We know that his own liberality and taste made him think less than usual of the magical £ s. d. His revelations of some part of his trouble with authors, when to go on with them was dangerous, but to stop was ruinous, lets a little light on the scene. Altogether his career has been an instructive one, and his volumes are no less so. We have not often met with so clear and pleasant a narrative, or one that is so entirely free from all acerbity and fretfulness. The author speaks "more in sorrow than in anger" of his trials and disappointments. It is not too much to say that very few men would look as calmly on the past, and show so much of forbearance and philosophy.

Vigorous still, clear-headed and honest-hearted, Charles Knight now labours among us; but "the night cometh," and ere its shadows close the busy scene, shall we not ask for the honourable recognition due to him from every Englishman who values the intellectual advancement of his country? Here is a "working life" of the most laudable labour, not asking, but which should undoubtedly receive, its due recognition. We know little of our fellow-countrymen, or of men in general, if we are not sure that there are many who reverence him and his labour whom he may never meet, or whose sentiments he may never know; we are sure also that the future historian of our literature can never omit honourable mention of this grand "working life." But we would that this feeling should take a more decisive shape—come out in "word and deed" while our old pioneer is still with us, and may feel the warm hand and hear the kind word of such as reverence continuous industry and high integrity.

## HISTORY AT HOLYROOD.

A DESIRE to visit places of historic interest, and re-enact "in the mind's eye" the events which give them their celebrity, is naturally inherent to us all, differing only in clearness as our education admits; it hence becomes a duty for the instructed to aid the ignorant when they come, full of reverent interest, to see what they have known to be long renowned. When their laudable curiosity is honestly satisfied, their labour has not been in vain; but when public instructors and paid officials coolly mislead and absurdly misinstruct all comers, the case is entirely altered, and their interference becomes mischievous.

The royal palace at Holyrood is certainly one of the most interesting historic sites in Scotland. The rooms in which were enacted one tragic scene in the life of Mary—the murder of Rizzio—cannot be visited without peculiar emotion; indeed, no part of the ancient remains of the old palace of the Scottish kings is without its absorbing interest. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that foolish explanations and absurd relics should be held forth to the admiration of visitors where they are least of all required, and where they become positively offensive.

A very slight amount of education will suffice to dispel a belief in much that is shown here; but there are many things plausible enough to pass muster with the ignorant and the credulous. The absurd collection of portraits of Scottish kings that decorate the walls can but excite a smile from a schoolboy, when he gazes on the features of Fergus I., who reigned, we are told, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, and his successors, Nothatus and Dornadilla, who most probably never existed at all; or, most certainly, could not have borne so strong a family resemblance to the royalties of the seventeenth century, and at least would not have worn similar furred garments, armour, or royal insignia. Such works carry their own condemnation; but it is not so palpable, though equally inherent, to other historic mementoes that crowd Queen Mary's rooms. Here we are shown her bed, a box decorated by her with needlework, and portions of the armour and dress of her ill-fated husband, Darnley. The bed is certainly fifty years later than Queen Mary's era; the box displays the peculiar features of design and execution which characterise the needlework of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and was probably executed about 1680. All this is foolish enough, but the climax is reached when the visitor is introduced to the chamber of the queen, and shown the relics of Darnley's attire. Here we find a buff coat of the Cromwellian era, with the helmet and breastplate of an ordinary soldier of King Charles I.'s army, combined with a noble pair of jack-boots of the time of Dutch William. And all exhibited as one suit, and that of Earl Darnley!

This may be all very well, for the few who know better, to laugh at; but it is not befitting that such absurdities be publicly shown in a royal palace, as if under government sanction, to misinstruct the ignorant, and "make the judicious grieve." Surely something might, and should be done, to clear the ancient rooms of this rubbish, and leave them to tell their own tale.

The culpable absurdities at Holyrood are not the only evils of the kind, but they are more gross than those of any other "show-place" with which we are acquainted.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

\* PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE DURING HALF A CENTURY. By Charles Knight. Published by Bradbury and Evans, London.

### THE NEW TESTAMENT ILLUSTRATED.\*

If it were necessary to adduce evidence of the devotional spirit that animated the old painters in their efforts to embody on their canvases the narratives of Gospel history, we need go no further than examine the pages of the noble volume issued by Messrs. Longman and Co., and whose title appears at length in the note below.

Christian Art, as practised from the earliest period down to nearly the close of the seventeenth century, when it almost entirely disappeared from the vocabulary of painters, has of late years received so much and such lengthened attention from writers both here and on the Continent, that little or nothing new can now be said concerning it. Among the modern countries of Europe, in Germany alone has sacred Art been revived, and there only does it exist and flourish as a grand and distinct feature.

To gather up some of the thoughts of the old Italian painters, and to present them to the public in the exquisitely beautiful form in which they appear in this edition of the New Testament, was an idea worthy of the great publishing firm which has carried it out, at what, we are satisfied, must have entailed a very large outlay of capital as well as a vast expenditure of time and labour. We have heard that the work originated with Mr. William Longman, and that the superintendence and direction of



it has been for some years a labour of love to him; if this be so, he ought to have all the credit arising out of it; and this is undoubtedly very great. But we must describe the book,

\* THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. With Engravings on Wood from Designs of Fra Angelico, Pietro Perugino, Francesco Francia, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Raphael, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Daniel di Volterra, and others. Published by Longman and Co., London.

and report the names of those who were engaged on it, as we find them reported in a few introductory pages.

The principal illustrations are sixty engravings from noted paintings, or other pictorial compositions by artists, some of whose names are indicated on the title-page; but there are others of scarcely less distinguished reputation—for example, Paolo Veronese, Annibale Carracci, and Giordano, with N. Poussin, of the French

school, and Van Dyck, of the Flemish. Two of the engravings we are permitted by the publishers to introduce here: 'The Annunciation,' engraved by J. Cooper, after Andrea Orcagna, one of the oldest Italian masters, 1315—1376; and 'The Nativity,' engraved by J. L. Williams, after Lorenzo di Credi, 1453—1536, or about that period: we may remark that almost the whole of the illustrations appear as seen in the latter woodcut, that is, with a rich marginal



border. The pages containing the text have, where a chapter is commenced, elaborate marginal borders also; and, where the chapter is continued, graceful scroll-work and ornament at top and bottom, between which is carried sometimes a central panel of Raffaellesque work to divide the columns, sometimes a floriated device, and sometimes a slender ornamented column. These, with the initial letters, and all the other decorative portions of the volume, such as the medallions, &c., were designed, or adapted, from the most approved ancient spe-

cimens in the British Museum and elsewhere, by Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., were drawn on the wood by him, and engraved under his superintendence. The drawings on the wood-blocks of the subjects from pictures were made by A. J. Waudby, with the exception of Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' which is the work of Mr. Scott.

But no skill in drawing, no amount of watchful supervision, would have produced the result we find here, if the engravers employed had not thrown into their work all the care and ability

possessed by them. This has assuredly been done by those who have a right to feel a just pride in being associated with such an undertaking, and they may point to these illustrations as evidence of what they are capable of executing under favourable circumstances. Besides the two whose names have been already given, we find those of Messrs. Anderson, Dalziel, Green, Linton, W. Measom, W. Thomas, J. Thompson, R. C. West, A. Williams, and T. Williams; but Mr. Cooper has had the lion's share—twenty-six out of the sixty—Mr. W. Measom executed



eight, and Mr. W. L. Williams six; the others had lower numbers.

It could scarcely be expected that all the engravings have an equality of excellence. Everywhere may be discovered the greatest refinement and delicacy; but occasionally, in the desire to attain this, the engraver's work has become comparatively feeble in colour and general expression; a result which is also, perhaps, due in some measure to the manner in which the original picture was executed; these elder painters looked more to the spirit and

feeling of their compositions, than to what we call "artistic effects." Still, we cannot imagine wood-engraving could be carried to greater perfection of finish than is seen in such cuts as Mr. Cooper's 'Last Supper,' 'The Disciples at Emmaus,' 'The Annunciation,' 'The Raising of Lazarus,' 'The Crown of Thorns,' in Mr. Measom's 'Feed my Sheep,' and 'Christ before Pilate,' in Mr. Linton's 'Widow of Nain's Son' and 'Pool of Bethesda,' in Messrs. Dalziel's 'Driving the Money-changers out of the Temple,' and in some others we have not room to point

out. But it certainly was a "mistake" to print, especially in such large type, on the tablet, or open space, under these pictures, the heading of the chapter: this lettering sadly obtrudes on the eye.

Great credit is due to Mr. Clay, for the manner in which he has printed the volume; it is really a beautiful specimen of typography: yet, why use ink of so brown a tone? it gives to the engravings a faded and impoverished appearance, which, though soft, is certainly not an improvement in other respects.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

## MERCURY AND ARGUS.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.

IN his first volume of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin makes the following remarks, when speaking in general terms of the "truth" of Turner's works:—"As there is nothing in them which can be enjoyed without knowledge, so there is nothing in them which knowledge will not enable us to enjoy." Certainly such knowledge as Mr. Ruskin contends for is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of Turner's pictures; but there are some of his works which must extort admiration even from those who possess not this knowledge, who can give no explanation of, nor intelligent reason for, the feelings called forth, or for the impression made on the mind. They see before them a "thing of beauty," and that is simply sufficient in itself to win their applause, and they are as unwilling as unable to analyse that beauty so as to give an account of the faith which is in them. Such a work is the 'Mercury and Argus' of this great painter, unquestionably one of the noblest landscapes his pencil ever drew; as we examine it minutely, and get an insight into its manifold details, one is astonished at the wealth of imagination contained in it. The picture is one of those ideal Italian scenes to which Turner occasionally was accustomed to give a classic title, by the introduction of some story of Greek or Roman fable as a secondary feature. The author already quoted remarks that "the effect of Italy upon Turner's mind is very puzzling: on the one hand it gave him the solemnity and power which are manifested in the historical compositions of the *Liber Studiorum*,"—some of which he mentions,—"and on the other, he seems never to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of Italy, and the materials he obtained there were afterwards but awkwardly introduced in his large compositions." We confess ourselves unable to recognise the "awkwardness" which this distinguished writer sees, and are content to receive these Italian compositions as glorious works of Art, whatever shortcomings others may discover in them.

The 'Mercury and Argus' requires little description: the foreground is a mass of grassy banks, through which a stream of water flows and sparkles in the brilliant sunlight; the ground is not only covered with grass but with tangled trailing weeds mingled with bushes; cattle are browsing all around; among them the white cow into which Jupiter transformed Io, is particularly distinguishable. To the right is a range of lofty rocks more or less covered with foliage, and crowned by a vast mass of magnificent architectural ruins; the whole overlooking an expanse of water in which some small islands are set, while a long line of buildings seems to connect the mainland with some far distant promontory on which the outlines of buildings are faintly seen. Seated almost in front of the picture are Mercury and his companion Argus; the latter, according to the legend, having been sent by Juno to see that Io, the white cow, did not stray from the place allotted her. Mercury finding it impossible to elude the vigilance of the hundred-eyed Argus, slew him, and Juno, to commemorate his untimely death, placed his eyes on the tail of her favourite bird, the peacock.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836, when it was purchased by Mr. J. Naylor, of Liverpool, in whose possession it still remains.

## OBITUARY.

## MR. CHARLES HARRIOTT SMITH, R.I.B.A.

THIS gentleman, who died on the 27th of October last, was an instance of how much knowledge a man may acquire if sincerely disposed to learn. His father, a respectable stonemason in the Portland Road, took him from school at the early age of twelve years to work at his own business: that was in 1804, for he was born in 1792; but his active mind soon aimed at higher pursuits and a wide range of knowledge. After the day's work he learned to draw, became a student at the Royal Academy, gained the gold medal for architecture in 1817, and at various subsequent exhibitions, gave proof of skill in sculpture and in architectural designs. He also became at sixteen a member of the Society of Arts, and at one-and-twenty a life member. At both Institutions he made friends whose esteem continued during life. While he studied the fine Arts at the Academy he imbibed a taste for science and its useful applications at the meetings and discussions of the Society. Listening respectfully to the opinions of Bryant Donkin and Alexander Galloway, he acquired sound notions of practical mechanics; from Brayley, Britton, and Strutt, a taste for archaeological antiquities; nor did he neglect opportunities of learning chemistry and geology. His writings on perspective, linear and aerial, proved him to be a thorough master of that science, and convinced many architects that its importance in their profession had been too much neglected. When the late Sir Charles Barry was appointed to rebuild the Parliament Houses, he felt a difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of good stone for so vast an edifice, and proposed to government the appointment of a Royal Commission to visit ancient castles and cathedrals and the quarries whence the material had been obtained. At the suggestion of Mr. Smith the Commissioners were, Sir Henry de la Beche, Dr. William Smith, and the subject of this memoir. Their report won the admiration of the profession as a great addition to professional knowledge, and Mr. Smith secured the lasting goodwill and esteem of his colleagues by his zeal, intelligence, and cheerful co-operation. Barry felt the importance of having so able and practical a man to inspect the stone supplied by the contractors, in order to reject faulty blocks, as in every quarry there are imperfect veins; but the Board of Works, though approving the suggestion, refused to pay for so important a guarantee; and, for want of that inspection, many unsound stones have been used, and have now occasionally to be removed at great expense.

As an example of useful intelligence and integrity of purpose few men stood higher. In acknowledgment of his merit, the Royal Institute of British Architects elected him an honorary member of that society in 1855.

## MR. CHARLES WINSTON.

THE announcement of the death of this gentleman, in the month of October last, did not escape our notice. That it was not earlier recorded in our columns has been entirely owing to want of space; but his claim on us, as an ardent admirer and upholder of ecclesiastical glass-painting, to which he devoted so much attention, is too great to be altogether passed over.

Mr. Winston was born in 1814, and was the elder son of the Rev. Benjamin Sandford, vicar of the pretty little rural village of Farningham, Kent, who afterwards took

the surname of Winston on succeeding to some West Indian property inherited from his maternal grandfather. The writer of this notice was living in the neighbourhood of Farningham when Charles Sandford—for that was then his name—and his brother Thomas were youths, and he gave them both their earliest instruction in drawing, for which the elder certainly showed the most aptitude and the greater fondness, though not taking any very special interest in it. He subsequently entered at Oxford, and graduated there, "in which city," says one of his biographers, "his attention, no doubt, was first attracted to the study of ancient glass, in examples of which the university abounds." This was not quite so, for the present writer distinctly remembers his pupil asking him for information about the subject, as he "wanted to put up something in a window of his father's church." Such knowledge as the master possessed—and it was very little—was given, and one or two little treatises on glass-painting were procured. With these aids he set to work, and one day showed the writer a small square of glass on which he had succeeded in painting, very fairly too, a figure with ornaments. This was the beginning of Charles Winston's experiments in glass-painting, which, not very long after, resulted in the production of a small window, that does credit to his early talents, in Farningham Church, in memory of his young friend, William Carteret.

On leaving Oxford, Mr. Winston was entered at the Inner Temple, and became pupil, first of Mr. Samuel Warren, and then of Mr. Twopenny. In 1845 he was called to the bar, and practised as a special pleader, chiefly on the Home Circuit; but though the law occupied much of his time and attention, the subject of glass-painting had, perhaps, a larger share of both; for he not only studied it as an antiquarian, but made himself master, theoretically, of its practice, and especially of the chemistry of the colours used in it. Many of the best glass-painters of the present day are indebted to his researches and acquired knowledge. In 1847 he published, anonymously, in two volumes, "An Inquiry into the difference of Style observable in Ancient Glass Paintings, especially in England; with Hints on Glass Painting." This valuable work was the result of about fifteen years of study and observation. Two years afterwards he published, in his own name, a summary of the larger book; and at different times, papers in the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In the opening address of the present session of this society, Professor Donaldson referred to the labours of Mr. Winston in the most complimentary terms, as most valuable to the workers in stained glass:—"His facility of drawing was great, and his delineations of painted glass admirably rendered the vigour, expression, and character of the originals."

There cannot be a doubt but that the art of glass-painting has lost a wise advocate and zealous promoter by the sudden death of this gentleman.

## DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

[The news of the sudden death of this distinguished painter, on the 25th of November last, was, as might be expected, received with universal regret, not alone by his friends, but by the public generally. A notice of his career appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1858; we have, however, materials of much interest for additional remarks, but they must be postponed till next month.]











J.M.W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT

J.T. WILLMORE, SCULPT

### MERCURY AND ARGUS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF J. NAYLOR, ESQ. OF LIVERPOOL.





## MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

My opportunities of personal intimacy with the distinguished men and women of my time have been frequent and peculiar. There are few by whom the present century has been glorified, with whom I have not been acquainted—either as the editor of works to which they were contributors,\* as associates in general society, or in the more familiar intercourse of private life.

It will be obvious that there are not many to whom the task I undertake is possible;—to have been personally acquainted with a large proportion of those who head the epoch, infers a youth long past, yet passed under circumstances such as could have been enjoyed by few. Some of whom I write had put on "immortality" before the greater number of my readers were born: one generation has passed away, and another has attained its prime, since the period to which I shall take them back—for I write only of the Departed.

My hope is, indeed, to do with the pen what the artist does with his pencil—to present to my readers a series of WRITTEN PORTRAITS—to bring before them mighty "makers" of the past, and to empower them to realise, or to correct, the portrait they have drawn in their minds of the author whose works have been their solace, their instruction, their amusement, or their joy.

S. C. HALL.

The "Memories" will be generally those of Mr. S. C. Hall; occasionally they will be also those of Mrs. S. C. Hall, and sometimes of both.

It may be right to add that we have never kept a "Diary," and that we have preserved but few of the many letters we have received from the great people we have known.

Our "Memories," therefore, must be strictly memories, and by no means our autobiographies. Neither will they be considered as biographies, although biographical facts will, in many cases, be necessary for our purpose.

We believe we may add to the store of information which all readers of immortal works desire to obtain concerning their authors; and that we should not "let die" these records of illustrious benefactors of mankind who have bequeathed to us the rich fruitage of their lives:—

"Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages;"

teaching from their tombs, for ever, people, nations, and ages—the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

These Memories will relate principally to

THOMAS MOORE.  
AMELIA OPIE.  
SAMUEL ROGERS.  
LISLE BOWLES.  
GEORGE CRABBE.  
MARIA EDGEWORTH.  
JAMES MONTGOMERY.  
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.  
CHARLES LAMB.  
WORDSWORTH.  
COLERIDGE.  
SOUTHEY.  
SYDNEY SMITH.

HANNAH MORE.  
LADY MORGAN.  
LEIGH HUNT.  
PROFESSOR WILSON.  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.  
JAMES HOGG.  
FELICIA HEMANS.  
MISS MITFORD.  
LETITIA E. LANDON.  
THOMAS CAMPBELL.  
THEODORE HOOK.  
THOMAS HOOD.

With sketches of SIR WALTER SCOTT, LOCKART, JOHN BANIM, GERALD GRIFFIN, FENIMORE COOPER, HORACE AND JAMES SMITH, GRACE AQUILAR, JANE AND A. M. PORTER, WASHINGTON IRVING, EDWARD IRVING, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, J. G. LOCHART, CAPTAIN MARYATT, DR. MAGINN, JOHN POOLE, TYRONE POWER, CHARLES MATURIN, LAMAN BLANCHARD, DR. QUINCY, JOANNA BAILLIE, LADY BLESSINGTON, MRS. HOPLAND, MRS. JAMESON, T. K. HERVEY, THOMAS PRINGLE, JOHN GALT, D. M. MOIR, ROBERT HALL, M. J. JEWELL, SHIEL, CROFTON CROKER, HAYNES BAILEY, JOHN CLARE, BERNARD BARTON, TALFOURD, HALLAM, MACAULAY, MISS PARDOE, COLLY GRATTAN, CROLY, W. S. LANDOR, &c. &c. &c.

\* The *Amulet*, from 1836 to 1838. The *New Monthly Magazine*, from 1830 to 1836. The *Book of Gems of Poets and Artists*, (1838), to which nearly all the then living poets contributed autobiographies.

## MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS MOORE.



MORE than forty years have gone since I had first the honour to converse with the poet THOMAS MOORE. Afterwards it was my privilege to know him intimately. He seldom, of late years, visited London without spending an evening at our house; and

in 1845, we passed a week at his cottage, Sloperton—his happy home in Wiltshire:—

"In my kalendar  
There are no whiter days!"

The poet has himself noted the time in his

Diary (November, 1845), and the terms in which he refers to our visit cannot but gratify us much.\*

It was in the year 1822 I made his acquaintance in Dublin, while I was a casual resident in that city. He was in the full ripeness of middle age: then as ever, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." As his visits to his native city were few and far between, the power to see him, and especially to hear him, was a boon of magnitude. It was, indeed, a treat when, seated at the piano, he gave voice to the glorious "Melodies" that are justly regarded as the most valuable of his legacies to mankind. I can recall that evening as vividly as if it were not a seven-night old; the graceful man, small and slim in figure, his upturned eyes and eloquent features giving force to the music that accompanied the songs, or rather, to the songs that accompanied the music.

Among the guests that evening were the poet's father, mother, and sister—the sister

*Full'd with balm the gale sighs on  
—Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
His memory lives in music's breath*

*Sloperton Cottage  
May 27. 1842.*

*Thomas Moore*

to whom he was so fervently attached. The father was a plain, homely man:—no

thing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a Dublin tradesman. The

\* Mrs. Moore—writing to me in May, 1864—tells me I have a wrong impression as to Moore's father; that he was "handsome, full of fun, and with good manners." Moore himself calls him "one of Nature's gentlemen."

\* I may be permitted to mention that our renewed intercourse resulted from his having, in his "History of Ireland," quoted some lines I had written in an early poem entitled "Jerpoint Abbey."

mother evidently possessed a far higher mind. She, too, was retiring and unpretending; like her great son in features; with the same gentle, yet sparkling eye, flexible and smiling mouth, and kindly and conciliating manners. It was to be learned, long afterwards, how deep was the affection that existed in the poet's heart for these humble relatives—how fervid the love he bore them—how earnest the respect with which he invariably treated them—nay, how elevated was the pride with which he regarded them, from first to last.

The sister, Ellen, was, I believe, slightly deformed; at least, the memory to me is that of a small delicate woman, with one shoulder "out." The expression of her countenance betokened suffering, having that peculiar "sharpness" which usually accompanies severe and continuous bodily ailment.\* I saw more of her some years afterwards, and knew that her mind and disposition were essentially loveable.

To the mother—Anastasia Moore, *née* Codd, a humbly-descended, homely, and almost uneducated woman†—Moore gave intense respect and devoted affection, from the time that reason dawned upon him to the hour of her death. To her he wrote his first letter (in 1793), ending thus:—

"Your absence all but ill endure,  
And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

And in the zenith of his fame, when society drew largely on his time, and the highest and best of the land coveted a portion of his leisure, with her he corresponded so regularly that at her death she possessed (it has been so told me by Mrs. Moore) four thousand of his letters. Never, according to the statement of Earl Russell, did he pass a week without writing to her *twice*, except while absent in Bermuda, when franks were not to be obtained, and postages were costly.

When a world had tendered to him its homage, still the homely woman was his "darling mother," to whom he transmitted a record of his cares and his triumphs, his anxieties and his hopes, as if he considered—as I verily believe he did consider—that to give her pleasure was the chief enjoyment of his life. His sister—"excellent Nell"—occupied only a second place in his heart; while his father received as much of his respect as if he had been the hereditary representative of a line of kings.

All his life long "he continued," according to one of the most valued of his correspondents, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve his home fireside affections true and genuine, as they were when a boy."

To his mother he writes of all his facts and fancies; to her he opens his heart in its natural and innocent fulness; tells her of each thing, great or small, that, interesting

him, must interest her—from his introduction to the Prince, and his visit to Niagara, to the acquisition of a pencil-case, and the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief. "You, dear mother," he writes, "can see neither frivolity nor egotism in these details."

In 1806 Moore's father received, through the interest of Lord Moira, the post of Barrack-master in Dublin, and thus became independent. In 1815 "retrenchment" deprived him of that office, and he was placed on half-pay. The family had to seek aid from the son, who entreated them not to despond, but rather to thank Providence for having permitted them to enjoy the fruits of office so long, till he (the son) was "in a situation to keep them in comfort without it." "Thank Heaven," he writes afterwards of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable." When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers, and by "a sort of con-

fidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."

When Lord Wellesley (Lord-Lieutenant), after the death of the father, proposed to continue the half-pay to the sister, Moore declined the offer, although, he adds, "God knows how useful such aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burthens now heaped upon me," and his wife at home was planning how "they might be able to do with one servant," that they might be the better able to assist his mother.

The poet was born at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at Sloperton, on the 25th February,\* 1832, at the age of seventy-two. What a full life it was! Industry a fellow-worker with Genius for nearly sixty years!

He was a sort of "show-child" almost from his birth, and could barely walk, when it was jestingly said of him, he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. "He



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

lispied in numbers, for the numbers came." Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his playfellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the schoolmaster; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration.\* In 1797 he was "a man of mark;" at the University. In 1798, at the age of nineteen, he had made "considerable progress" in translating the odes of Anacreon; and in 1800, he was "patronised" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, who was "happy to know a man of his abilities," and "hoped they might have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society."

His earliest printed work, "Poems by Thomas Little," has been the subject of much, and perhaps merited, condemnation. Of Moore's own feeling in reference to these

compositions of his mere, and thoughtless, boyhood, it may be right to quote three of the dearest of his friends.

Thus writes Lisle Bowles of Thomas Moore, in allusion to these early poems—

"—Like Israel's incense, laid  
Upon unholy earthly shrines"—

"Who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and as far as the muse is concerned, *more* ample amends, by melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale of the richest oriental colours, which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages." This is the statement of his friend Rogers:—"So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems,' that

\* Mrs. Moore writes me, that I am here also wrong in my impression. "She was only a little grown out in one shoulder, but with good health: her expression was feeling, not suffering." "Dear Ellen," she adds, "was the delight of every one that knew her—sang sweetly—her voice very like her brother's. She died suddenly, to the grief of my loving heart."

† She was born in Wexford, where her father kept a "general shop." Moore used to say playfully, that he was called, in order to dignify his occupation, "a provision merchant." When on his way to Bannow in 1835, to spend a few days with his friend, Thomas Boyse—a genuine gentleman of the good old school—he records his visit to the house of his maternal grandfather. "Nothing," he says, "could be more humble and mean than the little low house that remains to tell of his whereabouts."

I visited this house in the summer of 1864. It is still a small "general shop," situate in the old corn-market of Wexford. The rooms are more than usually " quaint." Here Mrs. Moore lived until within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son. We are gratified to record that, at our suggestion, a tablet has been placed over the entrance door, stating in few words the fact that there the mother was born and lived, and that to this house the poet came, on the 26th August, 1835, when in the zenith of his fame, to render homage to her memory. He thus writes of her and her birthplace in his "Notes" of that year:—"One of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof."

\* Trinity College, Dublin.—Thomas Moore, son of John Moore, merchant, of Dublin, aged 14, pensioner, entered 2nd June, 1794. Tutor, Dr. Burrows."

\* I find in Earl Russell's memoir, the date given as the 26th February; but Mrs. Moore altered it (in a letter to me) to February 25.



I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes Jeffrey:—"He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour."

I allude to his early triumphs, only to show that while they would have "spoiled" nine men out of ten, they failed to taint the character of Moore. His modest estimate of himself was from first to last a leading feature in his character. Success never engendered egotism; honours never seemed to him only the recompense of desert: he largely magnified the favours he received; and seemed to consider as mere "nothings" the services he rendered, and the benefits he conferred. That was his great characteristic—all his life. I have myself evidence to adduce on this head. In illustration, I print a letter I had the honour to receive from Moore, dated "Sloperton, November 29, 1843":—

"MY DEAR MR. HALL,

"I am really and truly ashamed of myself for having let so many acts of kindness on your part remain unnoticed and unacknowledged on mine. But the world seems determined to make me a man of letters in more

senses than one, and almost every day brings me such an influx of epistles from mere strangers, that friends hardly ever get a line from me. My friend, Washington Irving, used to say, 'It is much easier to get a book from Moore than a letter.' But this has not been the case, I am sorry to say, of late; for the penny-post has become the sole channel of my inspirations. How am I to thank you sufficiently for all your and Mrs. Hall's kindness to me? She must come down here when the summer arrives, and be thanked a *quattr' oechi*—a far better way of thanking than at such a cold distance. Your letter to the mad Repealers was far too good and wise and gentle, to have much effect on such Rantipoles."\*

The house in Aungier Street is pictured on the preceding page. I visited it so recently as 1864. It was then, and still is, as it was in 1779, the dwelling of a grocer—altered only in so far as that a bust of the poet is placed over the door, and the fact that he was born there is recorded on a marble tablet. May no modern "improvement" ever touch it:—

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground."

This humble dwelling of the humble tradesman is the house of which the poet speaks in

procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become the necessities of man, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

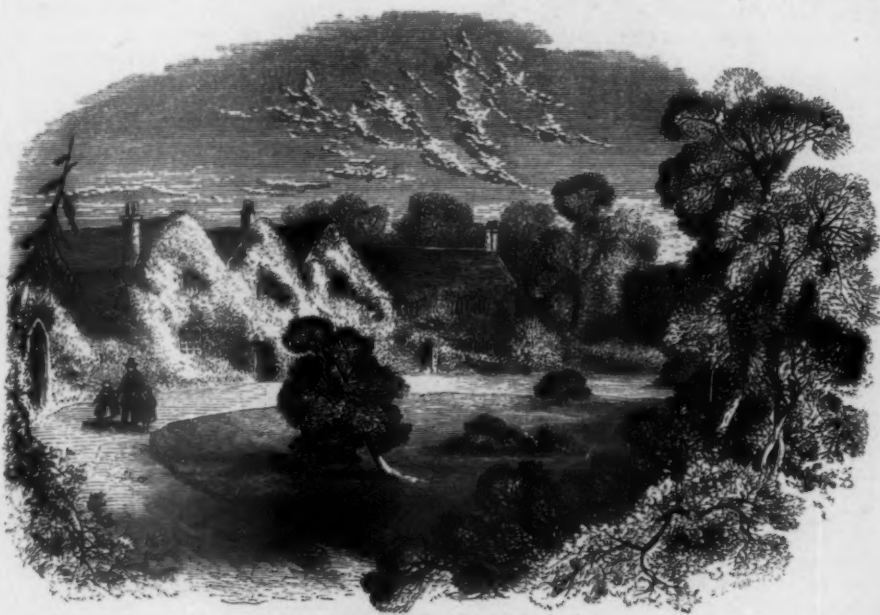
The forests and fields that surround Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, neighbour the poet's humble dwelling; the spire of the village church—beside the portals of which he now "rests"—is seen above adjacent trees. Labourers' cottages are scattered all about: they are a heavy and unimaginative race those peasants of Wiltshire; and, knowing their neighbour had written books, they could by no means get rid of the idea that he was the writer of *Moore's Almanac*! and perpetually greeted him with a salutation, in hopes to receive in return some prognostic of the weather, that might guide them in arrangements for seed-time and harvest. Once, when he had lost his way—wandering till midnight—he roused up the inmates of a cottage, in search of a guide to Sloperton, and found he was close to his own gate. "Ah! sir," said the peasant, "that comes of yer sky-scraping!"

He was fond of telling of himself such simple anecdotes as this;—indeed, I remember his saying that no public applause had ever given him so much pleasure as a compliment from a half-wild countryman, who stood right in his path on a quay in Dublin, and exclaimed, slightly altering the words of Byron, "Three cheers for Tommy More, the pote of all circles, and the darlint of his own."

I recall him at this moment,—his small form and intellectual face, rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner, I had noticed as the attributes of his comparative youth: a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm and full, with the organs of music and gaiety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. Tenerani, when making his bust, praised the form of his ears. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature, with so much bodily activity as to give him the character of restlessness; and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very grey, and he wore his hat with the "jaunty" air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means particular. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says, "His forehead is bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him—"He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance;" he writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits and the inward light of his mind;" and adds, "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather, a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry."

"The light that surrounds him is all from within."

He had but little voice; yet he sung with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers: it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt



SLOPERTON, THE COTTAGE OF THOMAS MOORE.

so many of his early letters and memoranda. Here, when a child in years, he arranged a debating society, consisting of himself and his father's two "clerks;" here he picked up a little Italian from a kindly old priest who had passed some time in Italy, and obtained a "smattering of French" from an intelligent *émigré* named La Froese; here his tender mother watched over his boyhood, proud of his opening promise, and hopeful, yet apprehensive, of his future; here he and his sister, "excellent Nell," acquired music, first upon an old harpsichord, obtained by his father in discharge of a debt, and afterwards on a piano, to buy which his loving mother had saved up all superfluous pence. Hence he issued to take country walks with unhappy Robert Emmet. Hither he came—not less proudly, yet as fondly as ever—when college magnates gave him honours, and the Viceroy had received him as a guest.

In 1835, he records "a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, where I was born;" "visited every part of the house; the small old yard and its appurtenances; the small, dark

kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk; the front and back drawing-rooms; the bed-rooms and garrets—murmuring, 'Only think, a grocer's still!'" "The many thoughts that came rushing upon me while thus visiting the house where the first twenty years of my life were passed, may be more easily conceived than told."

I spring with a single line from the year 1822, when I knew him first, to the year 1845, when circumstances enabled us to enjoy the long-looked-for happiness of visiting Moore and his beloved wife in their home at Sloperton.

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had, in a great measure, retired from actual labour; indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed, for, with very limited wants, there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, for there were no means to

\* Alluding to a pamphlet-letter I had printed, addressed to Repealers, when the insanity of Repeal (now happily dead) was at fever-heat.

much of this charm was derived from association, for it was only his own melodies he sang. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing. I remember some one saying to me, it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow"—once in 1822, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the intense delight of his auditors.

I occasionally met Moore in public, and once or twice at public dinners. One of the most agreeable evenings I ever passed was in 1830, at a dinner given to him by the members of "The Literary Union." That "club" was founded in 1829 by the Poet Campbell. I shall have to speak of it when I write a memory of him. Moore was then in strong health, and in the zenith of his fame. There were many men of mark about him,—leading wits, and men of letters. He was full of life, sparkling and brilliant in all he said, rising every now and then to say something that gave the hearers delight, and looking as if "dull care" had been ever powerless to check the overflowing of his soul. But although no bard of any age knew better how to

"Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,"

he had acquired the power of self-restraint, and could "stop" when the glass was circulating too freely.

Moore sat for his portrait to Shee, Lawrence, Newton, MacIise, Mulvany, and Richmond, and to the sculptors Tenerani, Chantrey, Kirk, and Moore. On one occasion of his sitting, he says, "Having nothing in my round potatoe face but what painters cannot catch—mobility of character—the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two disagreeable things—a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature." Richmond's portrait was taken in 1843. Moore says of it, "The artist has worked wonders with unmanageable faces such as mine." Of all his portraits this is the one that pleases me best, and most forcibly recalls him to my remembrance. It is the one I have engraved at the head of this "Memory."

I soon learned to love the man. It was easy to do so, for nature had endowed him with that rare but happy gift—to have pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain; while his life was, or at all events seemed to be, a practical comment on his own lines:—

"They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,  
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss."

I had daily walks with him at Sloperton—along his "terrace walk"—during our brief visit; I listening, he talking; he, now and then, asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference, was his "Lines on the death of Sheridan," of which he said, "that is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

The anecdotes he told me were all of the class of those I have related—simple, unostentatious. He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy; I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of great people with whom he had been intimate; never a word of the honours accorded to him; and, certainly, he never uttered a sentence of satire, or censure, or harshness, concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing with proud warmth his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in

the county of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of bands of the peasantry, gathered to greet him; the arches of green leaves under which he passed; and the dances with the pretty peasant girls—one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a tuft-hunter could have heard him! they would have seen how really humble was his heart. Indeed, a reference to his journal will show, that of all his contemporaries—whenever he spoke of them—he had ever something kindly to say. There is no evidence of ill-nature in any case—not a shadow of envy or jealousy. The sturdiest Scottish grazier could not have been better pleased than he was to see the elegant home at Abbotsford, or have felt prouder to know that a poet had been created a baronet.

The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a-year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant, under a repairing lease at £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November, 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with

it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother; "for it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it furnished for £40 a-year." "It has a small garden and lawn in front, and a kitchen garden behind; along two of the sides of this kitchen garden is a raised bank,"—the poet's "terrace walk;" so he loved to call it. Here a small deal table stood through all weathers; for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and, at this table, to pause and write down his thoughts. Hence he had always a view of the setting sun; and I believe few things on earth gave him more intense pleasure than practically to realise the line—

"How glorious the sun looked in sinking!"

for, as Mrs. Moore has since told us, he very rarely missed that sight.

In 1811, the year of his marriage, he lived at York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton. Mrs. Moore tells me it was a pretty house: the Terrace was then isolated and opposite nursery gardens. Long afterwards (in 1824), he went to Brompton to "indulge himself



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

with a sight of that house." In 1812 he was settled at Kegworth, and in 1813 at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Of Mayfield, one of his friends, who, twenty years afterwards, accompanied him there to see it, remarks on the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage, where all the fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" had been engendered. Of this cottage he himself writes—"It was a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it and set about making it habitable."

He had a public appointment. As Burns was made a gauger because he was partial to whisky, Moore was made colonial secretary at Bermuda, where his principal duty was to "overhaul the accounts of skippers and their mates." Being called to England, his affairs were placed in charge of a superintendent, who betrayed him, and left him answerable for a heavy debt, which rendered necessary a temporary residence in Paris. That debt, however, was paid—not by the aid of friends, some of whom would have gladly relieved him of it, but—literally by "the sweat of his brow." Exactly so it was

when the MS. "Life of Byron" was burned: it was by Moore, and not by the relatives of Byron (nor by aid of friends), the money he had received was returned to the publisher who had advanced it. "The glorious privilege of being independent" was indeed essentially his,—in his boyhood, throughout his manhood, and in advanced age—always!

In 1799, he came to London to enter at the Middle Temple. (His first lodging was at 44, George Street, Portman Square.) Very soon afterwards we find him declining a loan of money proffered by Lady Donegal. He thanked God for the many sweet things of this kind God threw in his way, yet at that moment he was "terribly puzzled how to pay his tailor." In 1811, his friend Douglas, who had just received a large legacy, handed him a blank cheque, that he might fill it up for any sum he needed. "I did not accept the offer," writes Moore to his mother, "but you may guess my feelings." Yet, just then, he had been compelled to draw on his publisher, Power, for a sum of £30, "to be repaid partly in songs," and was sending his mother a second-day paper, which he was



enabled "to purchase at rather a cheap rate." Even in 1842 he was "haunted worryingly," not knowing how to meet his son Russell's draft for £100; and, a year afterwards, he utterly drained his banker to send £50 to his son Tom. Once, being anxious that Bessy should have some money for the poor at Bromham, he sent a friend £5, requesting him to forward it to Bessy, as from himself; and when urged by some thoughtless person to make a larger allowance to his son Tom, in order that he might "live like a gentleman," he writes, "if I had thought but of living like a gentleman, what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother." He declined to represent Limerick in Parliament on the ground that his "circumstances were not such as to justify coming into Parliament at all, because to the labour of the day I am indebted for my daily support." He must have a miserable soul who could sneer at the poet studying how he might manage to recompense the doctor who would "take no fees," or at his "amusement" when Bessy was "calculating whether they could afford the expense of a fly to Devizes."

As with his mother, so with his wife: from the year 1811, the year of his marriage,\* to that of his death in 1852, she received from him the continual homage of a lover; away from her, no matter what were his allurements, he was ever longing to be at home. Those who love as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate—although the worldling cannot—such commonplace sentences as these,—"pulled some heath on Ronan's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy;" when in Italy, "got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see;" while in Paris, "sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are, will be home, and a happy home to me." When absent (which was rarely for more than a week), no matter where or in what company, seldom a day passed that he did not write a letter to Bessy. The home enjoyments, reading to her, making her the depository of all his thoughts and hopes,—they were his deep delights, compensations for time spent amid aced scenes, and with people who had no space in his heart. Ever when in "terrible request," his thoughts and his heart were there!—in

"That dear Home, that saving Ark,  
Where love's true light at last I've found,  
Cheering within, when all grows dark  
And comfortless and stormy round."

This is the tribute of Earl Russell to the wife of the poet Moore:—"The excellence of his wife's moral character; her energy and courage; her persevering economy, made her a better, and even a richer, partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been, with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct." Moore speaks of her "democratic pride;" it was the pride that was ever above a mean action, always sustaining him in proud independence.

In March, 1846, his diary contains this sad passage—"The last of my five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relation have I in this world." His sweet mother had died in 1832; "excellent Nell" in 1846; his father in 1825; and his children one after another, three of them in youth, and two grown up to manhood—his two boys, Tom and Russell, the first-named of whom died in Africa (in 1846) an officer in the French service, the other at Sloperton (in 1842), soon after his return from India, having been compelled by ill-health to resign his commission as a lieutenant in the 25th regiment. In 1835, the

\* Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London, on the 25th March, 1811.

influence of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a-year from Lord Melbourne's government,—"as due from any government, but much more from one, some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends." The "wolf, poverty," therefore, in his latter years, did not "prowl" so continually about his door. But there was no fund for luxuries—none for the extra comforts that old age requires. Mrs. Moore received on the death of her husband a pension of £100 a-year, and she has also the interest of the sum of £3,000,—the sum paid by the ever-liberal friends of the poet, the Longmans, for the *Memoirs and Journal* edited by Lord John, now Earl, Russell—a "lord" whom the poet dearly loved.

When his *Diary* was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—aland was busy with the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius.\* For my own part, I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that "Diary" for any evidence that can lessen the poet in this high estimate. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy; but I read no one that shows the poet other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

It was said of him by Leigh Hunt, that Lord Byron summed up his character in a sentence—"Tommy loves a lord!" Perhaps he did; but only such lords as Lansdowne and Russell were his friends. He loved also those who are "lords of human kind" in a far other sense; and, as I have shown, there is nothing in his character that stands out in higher relief than his entire *freedom from dependence*. To which of the great did he apply during seasons of difficulty approaching poverty? Which of them did he use for selfish purposes? Whose patronage among them all was profitable? To what Baal did the poet Moore ever bend the knee?

He had a large share of domestic sorrows; one after another his five beloved children died; I have quoted his words, "We are left—alone." His admirable and devoted wife survives him. I visited, a short time ago, the home that is now desolate. If ever man was adored where adoration, so far as earth is concerned, is most to be hoped for and valued, it is in the cottage where the poet's widow lives, and will die!

Let it be inscribed on his tomb, that ever, amid privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts;

\* There were two who wrote with a view to dishonour the poet's grave, and they were his own countrymen—Charles Phillips and John Wilson Croker. The former printed a wretched and unmeaning pamphlet, which he suppressed when a few copies only were issued. The atrocious attack on Moore in the *Quarterly Review* was written by John Wilson Croker. It was the old illustration of the dead lion and the living dog. Yet Croker could at that time be scarcely described as living; it was from his death-bed he shot the poisoned arrow. And what brought out the venom? Merely a few careless words of Moore's in which he described Croker as "a scribbler of all work,"—words that Earl Russell would have erased if it had occurred to him to do so. Another countryman, Thomas Crofton Croker, assailed after his death the man whose shoe-latchets he would have been proud to unloose during his life. Moreover, his earliest slanderer was also of his own country—an author named Quin, who was at one time editor of the *Morning Herald*. Of a truth it has been well said, a prophet is never without honour save in his own country. The proverb is especially true as regards Irish prophets. Assuredly Moore was, and is, more popular in every part of the world than he was, or is, in Ireland. The reason is plain: he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse, the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland."

having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the tribute of a smile;" never truckling to power; labouring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending to party that which was meant for mankind; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprang.

He was born and bred a Roman Catholic; but his creed was entirely and purely Catholic. Charity was the out-pouring of his heart; its pervading essence was that which he expressed in one of his melodies,—

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

His children were all baptised and educated members of the Church of England. He attended the parish church, and according to the ritual of that church he was buried. It was not any outward change of religion, but homage to a purer and holier faith, that induced him to have his children baptised and brought up as members of the English Church. "For myself," he says, "my having married a Protestant wife, gave me opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children; and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for."

Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled; but when time and enlightened policy removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman—between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in impressive verse against a continued agitation, that retarded her progress, when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.

Reference to the genius of Moore is needless. My object in this "Memory" is to offer homage to his moral and social worth. The world that willingly acknowledges its debt to the poet, has been less ready to estimate the high and estimable character—the loving and faithful nature—of the man. There are, however, many—may this humble tribute augment the number—by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; that grave beside the village church a monument better loved than that of any other of the men of genius by whom the world is delighted, enlightened, and refined.

"That God is Love," writes his friend and biographer, Earl Russell, "was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself seems to have been the rule of his life." The good Earl of Carlisle, inaugurating a statue of the poet in Dublin, bore testimony to his moral and social worth "in all the holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father, as friend;" and on the same occasion, Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., thus expressed himself:—"He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life—he was the idol of a household."

Perhaps a better, though a briefer, summary of the character of Thomas Moore than any of these may be given in the words of Dr. Parr, who bequeathed to him a ring:—"To one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DURING the autumn recess the surfaces of certain of the pictures in the collection have been subjected to a reviving process under the hands of Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, to whose efforts in the cause of water-glass painting artists who practise that kind of mural decoration owe many obligations. The works that have been treated by Dr. Pettenkofer are—Rembrandt's 'Jew,' and 'Woman taken in Adultery,' Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and many others. We are told that in the course of treatment they are "not touched," which is meant to signify that the surfaces have not been subjected to the friction used in the ordinary processes of cleaning. The pictures that are considered safe under this method are those which have been coated with mastic; others that have been formerly clogged with megilp must be most carefully dealt with. The work which shows most favourably this kind of revival is the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' It is small, and hangs low, so that the whole surface may be closely inspected.

The means employed by Dr. Pettenkofer are not a secret, having been registered at the Patent Office in Southampton Buildings. The specification sets forth the rationalia of the flattening of varnished surfaces as having been determined by means of powerful microscopes, and a consideration of the chemical nature of the materials employed, as well-in painting as in varnishing. The beginning of the evil is the universal cracking of the surface, but so minute is this as to be invisible without the aid of glasses, and these fissures are not only common to the surface, but they penetrate the substance of the picture. The result of such disintegration is the free admission of air, which operates on the paint and varnish in the same manner that water affects oil, that is, by rendering it opaque, when intimately mixed with it.

Dr. Pettenkofer describes his remedy as effected by the vapour of spirits of wine, but without being stimulated by heat. The surface of the picture is subjected to the action of the spirits by being fitted closely over a vessel, and hence the reduction of the gum and its recombination with spirits, in such wise as to give to the picture the appearance of having been freshly varnished.

The value of Dr. Pettenkofer's patent will be readily understood in its application to old and much injured surfaces, like those of some of Reynolds' works, as for instance, that replica of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, at Dulwich, for, from what we see, it may be inferred that the vapour deals not unkindly with asphaltum; but, whatever amount of dust or other defilement adheres to the paint and varnish beyond the power of a simple washing, it removes all that is embodied in the varnish, as we see in the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' If this method is final it is most valuable, but if it must be periodically repeated, the inevitably accumulating dust must in the end obscure the picture; and whatever be the argument to the contrary, the discovery has not yet been sufficiently long under trial for assurance that in a lapse of years, should the old method of cleaning be again necessitated, the dangers of restoration will not be increased manifold. We hope time will prove that no such repetition of the process is called for.

In justice to Dr. Pettenkofer, it must be said that the pictures are much improved in appearance, and much has been gained if this present brilliancy endures.

## THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE very valuable examples of ancient sculpture that for some time past are known to have been purchased by Government are now added to the collection in the British Museum. They consist of an equestrian statue of a Roman emperor, an Apollo, a Mercury, a group of Mercury and Hersè, the famous Diadumenos of Polyclitus, a heroic figure, a Satyr, and a colossal bust. These precious antiques have been purchased from the ex-king of Naples, having formed a portion of the Farnese collection, that was partly in the Farnese Palace at Rome, and partly in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, and which principally, with the Calipyge Venus, and others of even more questionable character, adorned the baths of Caracalla. The head of the equestrian figure is that of Caligula, but it is supposed not to be that belonging properly to the group; indeed, a statue so unassuming would scarcely satisfy the man who desired that a statue of Jupiter should be converted into a portrait of himself. Restorations are observable in the legs of the horse and parts of the figure; but the statue is a great prize, as being one of the only four known ancient marble equestrian groups existing—the two of the Balbi, at Naples, another from the Mausoleum, and this, the Farnesian.

The original Diadumenos of Polyclitus is lost, but we have here the only existing replica of one of the masterpieces of the great master of the school of Sicyon, the author also of the Doryphoros which the artists of the time regarded as establishing the canons of beautiful proportion.

The figure represents a youth in the act of binding a diadem round his head,—whence Diadumenos. Although representing an athlete, it is not necessary that the proportions should be either heroic or what is commonly understood as athletic. Compared with the descriptions of the Doryphoros, also a youth, the proportions are less developed than they were in the latter. To Polyclitus is also ascribed that principle which gives so much natural relief to a statue—that of resting the weight of the body on one foot. The Mercury is one of three, perhaps, copies of some famous statue now lost; of the other two, one is in the Vatican, and the other at Lansdowne House; but this, the Farnesian, is the most perfect. The Apollo stands with his right hand thrown over his head, and the left elbow resting on a column, the hand holding the bow, while the quiver hangs below. He seems to be resting after a combat, though the quiver is yet open. The lengthened oval of the face, and its expression, as well as it could be seen, point to the Athenian school. The heroic statue, without as yet a name, is a very noble work; it is supposed to represent a Macedonian king in the character of a deity. The Satyr, having his right hand holding a staff held up behind his head, holds in his left a basket of fruit, from which an Amorino is helping himself. At the foot of the figure is a panther with the head of a goat. In the group Mercury and Hersè, the former is seated with his right arm thrown round the girl's waist. The head given to the principal figure has been modelled with all the individuality of an every-day portrait. It is, we believe, mainly to the intervention of Mr. Storey, an American sculptor of high reputation, that the trustees have been enabled to secure these treasures to the nation.

## THE NEW STRAND MUSIC HALL.

THIS edifice is an experiment in architecture, and it is an experiment which may fairly claim to have proved its own case.

In the Strand new Music Hall, with its two street fronts, we have exactly that *bizarre* assemblage of multifarious incongruities, all of them closely packed, which might have been painted on canvas with happy effect, as the "palace scene" in an extravaganza, but which implies a solecism in Art when solidified in brick, stone, &c.

In one respect this building is consistent, and that is, in being consistent with itself throughout. Within and without, from basement to parapet, ornamentation, or what does duty for ornamentation, is everything and everywhere. You never know where you may not expect to find an arch or an arcade; and when you do find them, they are low where you would have supposed they must have been lofty, and solid where as certainly they ought to have been light. And the spandrels are at least as perplexing and contradictory as the arches; when very small, large heads protrude from them, which provoke inquiry as to how they could possibly have got there. In like manner the capitals appear actuated by a common desire *not* to belong to the shafts which are supposed to carry them. Then, in every direction there are the strangest chamfers, which reveal unexpected half-hidden slender shafts, which grow out of nothing, and go nowhere, and having nothing to do, do it; and with these chamfers must be associated the innumerable notches, facets, and other queer cuttings, which are doubtless intended to take their part in the universal ornamenting, while in reality they fail altogether to be ornamental. Colour also has been treated precisely after the same fashion as all these varied forms of chisel-work. Various-coloured bricks have been brought into strong contrast with one another, and with white stone; and paint has had its capabilities put to the test without reserve or hesitation.

In a word, the Strand Music Hall is an architectural warning, and nothing else.

The extraordinary extravagance of his architecture is the more to be regretted, because in his general arrangements the architect of the Strand Music Hall has shown decided ability. The various rooms required in an establishment of this kind are well planned, and they all work well. The communications also and the staircases are good, their sole failures arising out of their participation in the architectural character of the edifice. The principal hall itself is equally worthy of commendation for its arrangements, as it fully maintains its title to being the climax of the architect's style. But here, in this the Music Hall, one very important feature demands our unqualified admiration. The entire ceiling is formed of tinted glass, divided into panels by beams and pendants of cut crystal glass; and the lighting of the hall is effected by means of gas jets *above* this ceiling, which shine down through it with beautiful effect. For this very clever and completely successful transparent and luminous ceiling the Strand Music Hall is entirely indebted to Messrs. Defries and Sons, whose ability and skill in treating glass and gas are so well known. This is a fresh illustration of what may be accomplished by these able glass manufacturers; and we cordially congratulate them on having produced artificial sunshine in a manner that is so pleasantly suggestive of the shining of the great luminary itself.



## FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

## CHAPTER I.—ANTIQUE RINGS.

ARCHÆOLOGY, until a comparatively recent period, was considered by the majority of persons to be a dull and uninteresting study, abounding with dry details of small general interest, which, when not pompously pretentious, were, in the other extreme, of trifling insignificance. That this was the mere error of unacquaintance with the true position of archæology as the handmaid of history, will now be readily granted, inasmuch as the study has become popular, or we might even say fashionable; most English counties have societies especially devoted to its district claims, and our large cities have their archæological institutes also. They all well know how to blend instruction with amusement; their congresses are anticipated with pleasure, not only by the *illuminati*, but by ladies and young persons who find gratification where they might have expected *ennui*. All this is due to the good sense which has divested the study of its drier details, or has had the tact to hide them beneath agreeable information. It is not too much to assert that archæology in all its branches may be made pleasurable, abounding as it does in curious and amusing details, sometimes humorously contrasting with our modern manners.

We here take up one of these branches—the history of finger-rings—and shall briefly show, in these chapters, the large amount of anecdote and curious collateral information it abounds in. Our illustrations will depict the great variety of design and ornamental detail embraced by so simple a thing as a hoop for the finger. It would be easy to multiply the literary and the artistic branch of this subject until a volume of no small bulk resulted from the labour. Volumes have been devoted to the history of rings—Gorlaeus among the older, and Edwards, of New York, among the modern authors. The ancients had their *Dactylorhœca*, or collection of rings; but they were luxurious varieties of rings for wear. The modern collections are historic, illustrative of past tastes and manners. Of these the best have been formed by the late Lord Lonsborough (whose collection was remarkable for its beauty and value), and Edmund Waterton, Esq., F.S.A., who still lives to possess the best chronological series of rings ever brought together. We have had the advantage of the fullest access to each collection.

Our object is not to exhaust but merely to open the subject, to touch upon its chief points, to give the reader an hour's amusement, and most probably furnish a few authorities in our engravings that may be useful to the goldsmith who may wish for "novelties" from the past time; such is the imitative Etruscan jewellery now so fashionable; and our cuts will show that "the newest fashion" of finger-rings, the coiled snake, is as ancient as the days of the Pharaohs.

It is in the oldest of histories, the books of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the finger-ring. It originally appears to have been a signet, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unchanged habit of Eastern life renders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. When Tamar desired some certain token by which she should again recognise Judah, she made her first request for his signet, and when the time of recognition arrived, it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.\* Fig. 1 exhibits the

usual form assumed by these signets. It has a somewhat clumsy movable handle, attached to a cross bar passing through a cube, engraved on each of its facets with symbolical devices. Wilkinson† speaks of it as one of the largest and most valuable he had seen, containing twenty pounds' worth of gold. "It consisted of a massive

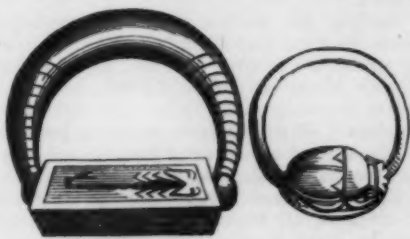


Fig. 1.

ring, half an inch in its largest diameter, bearing an oblong plinth, on which the devices were engraved, one inch long, six-tenths in its greatest and four-tenths in its smallest breadth. On one face was the name of a king, the successor of Amunoph III., who lived about B.C. 1400; on the other a lion, with the legend 'lord of strength,' referring to the monarch: on one side a scorpion, and on the other a crocodile." Judah's signet was, of course, formed of less valuable material, and had probably a single device only.

The lighter kind of hooped signet, as generally worn at a somewhat more recent era in Egypt, is shown in Fig. 2. The gold loop passes through a small figure of the sacred beetle, the flat under side being engraved with the device of a crab. It is cut in cornelian, and is in the possession of the author of this paper; it once formed part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities gathered by our consul at Cairo—Henry Salt, the friend of Burchard and Belzoni, who first employed the latter in Egyptian researches, and to whom our national museum owes the colossal head of Memnon and many of its chief Egyptian treasures.

From a passage in Jeremiah (xxii. 24) it appears to have been customary for the Jewish nation to wear the signet-ring on the right hand. The words of the Lord are uttered against Zedekiah—"though Coniah, the son of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, were the signet on my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence."

The transition from such signets to the solid finger-ring was natural and easy. The Biblical record treats them as contemporaneous even at that early era. Thus the story of Judah and Tamar is immediately followed by that of Joseph, when we are told "Pharaoh took off the ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand," when he invested him with authority as a ruler in Egypt. Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, obtained a most curious and valuable ring, inscribed



Fig. 2.

with a royal name. It is now preserved, with his other Egyptian antiquities, at New York, and is thus described in his catalogue:—"This remarkable piece of anti-

\* Genesis, chap. xxxviii.  
† "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," vol. iii. p. 373.

quity is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Ghizeh, in a tomb near that excavation of Colonel Vyse's called 'Campbell's Tomb.' It is of fine gold, and weighs nearly three sovereigns. The style of the hieroglyphics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid; and the hieroglyphics within the oval make the name of that Pharaoh (Cheops) of whom the pyramid was the tomb." Fig. 3 represents this ring, and beside it is placed the hieroglyphic inscription upon the face of the ring, which is cut with the most minute accuracy and beauty.

Rings of inferior metal, bearing royal names, were worn, probably, by officials of the king's household. The Consul Salt, already alluded to, had one such in his collection, which was purchased at his sale by the author of this paper, and by him added to the remarkable collection of rings formed by the late Lord Lonsborough. It is represented in Fig. 4, and is entirely of bronze. The name of Amunoph III. is engraved on the oval face of the ring, exactly as it appears on the tablet of Abydos in the British Museum. Amunoph (who reigned, according to Wilkinson, B.C. 1403-1367) is the



Fig. 3.

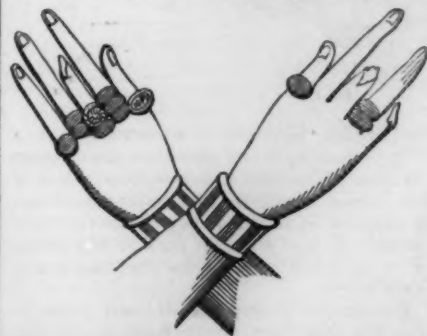


Fig. 4.

same monarch known to the Greeks as Memnon; and the colossal "head of Memnon," also placed in the British Museum through the agency of Mr. Salt, has a similar group of hieroglyphics sculptured on its shoulder. There was another kind of official ring, which we can recognise from the description of Pliny, and of which we give an engraving, Fig. 5, from the original in the author's possession. It is of bronze, and has engraved upon its face the figure of the scarabæus; such rings were worn by the Egyptian soldiers.

The lower classes, who could not afford rings of precious metals, but, like their modern descendants, coveted the adornment, purchased those made of ivory or porcelain. In the latter material they abounded, and are found in Egyptian sepulchres in large quantities; they are very neatly moulded, and the devices on their faces, whether depicting gods, emblems, or hieroglyphics, are generally well and clearly rendered.

This fondness for loading the fingers with an abundance of rings is well displayed on



the crossed hands of a figure of a woman, upon a mummy case in the British Museum. Here the thumbs as well as the fingers are encircled by them. The left hand is most loaded; upon the thumb is a signet with hieroglyphics on its surface; three rings on

the forefinger; two on the second, one formed like a snail-shell; the same number on the next, and one on the little finger. The right hand carries only a thumb-ring, and two upon the third finger. These hands are cut in wood, and the fingers are partially broken.

Wilkinson observes—"The left was considered the hand peculiarly privileged to bear these ornaments; and it is remarkable that its third finger was decorated with a greater number than any other, and was considered by them, as by us, *par excellence*, the ring-finger; though there is no evidence of its having been so honoured at the marriage ceremony."

Herodotus, the father of history, has narrated a curious antique legend he obtained in Egypt, concerning the ring of Polykrates. It is remarkable as having spread into the legendary history of all countries, being still credited by the commonality. We shall have hereafter to note its existence as an old London tradition; but the version of the historian is briefly thus:—Amasis, King of Egypt, conceived an extraordinary friendship for the Greek, Polykrates, and, observing that the latter was attended by unusual success in all his adventures, reflected that such unvarying felicity seldom lasted through life, and the end of such a career was often calamitous. He therefore advised him to propitiate future fortune by seeking some object whose loss would produce most regret, and voluntarily casting it away from him where it could never be recovered. Polykrates attached most value to a signet-ring he constantly wore; it was of gold, set with an emerald cut by Theodoros of Samos, a famed engraver of gems. He went out in a galley far on to the open sea, and then cast his precious ring into its waters, returning in an excess of grief. Some six days afterwards a fisherman came to his gate, bearing a fish so fine and large he deemed it to be only fitted for the table of Polykrates. The King of Samos accepted the gift, the fish was sent to the royal kitchen, and on opening it a valuable ring was found in its stomach. It was at once taken to Polykrates, who immediately recognised his abandoned treasure, which he now valued the more as it seemed to be returned by divine interposition.

In the comparatively modern era of Roman rule in Egypt, rings of more fanciful construction were occasionally worn. In



Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

the British Museum is a remarkable one (Fig. 6), having the convolutions of a serpent, the head of Serapis at one extremity and of Isis at the other; by this arrangement one or other of them would always be correctly posited; it has also the further advantage of being flexible owing to the great sweep of its curve.

The ancient Assyrians, though remarkable for that love of jewellery which has ever been the characteristic of the Eastern nations, appear to have worn no finger-rings. Yet many of their bracelets are admirably designed for the purpose if produced on a limited scale; and they were worn by men as well as by women. Bonomi, in his vo-

lume on "Nineveh and its Palaces," observes, "that not a single case occurs, amidst all this display of personal jewellery, of a finger-ring; the entire absence of this ornament in sculpture, wherein details of this nature are so elaborately and carefully attended to, leads to the conclusion that the finger-ring was an ornament then unknown."

Among the earliest traces of western civilisation the finger-ring appears. Fig. 7 is an Etruscan ring of gold, now in the British Museum; upon the face are chimære opposing each other. The style and treatment of this subject partakes largely of the ancient character of Eastern art, and like that is very decisive and conventional.

The Greeks and Romans literally revelled in rings of all styles and sizes. Nothing can be more beautiful in design and exquisite in finish than Greek jewellery, and the custom of decorating their dead with the most valued of these ornaments, has furnished modern museums with an abundance of fine specimens. Figs. 8 and 9 are copied from originals found in the more modern Etruscan sepulchres, and are probably contemporary with the earliest days of the Roman empire. Fig. 8 is admirably adapted to the finger; being made of the purest gold, it is naturally slightly elastic; but the hoop is not perfected, each extre-



Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

mity ending in a broad leaf-shaped ornament, most delicately banded with threads of beaded and twisted wire, acting as a brace upon the finger. Fig. 9 is equally meritorious; the solid half-ring is completed by a small golden chain attached to it by a loop passing over studs; the links of this chain are perfectly flexible, and of extreme delicacy; they resemble the modern guard-chain, or to speak more properly, the modern chain imitates the ancient one; and we shall meet in the course of our researches with very many other instances of the oft-repeated fact, "there is nothing new under the sun."

This ring mania was not content with considering the ring as an ornament, or even as a talisman: a new science was revealed, the *Dactyliomania*, so named from two Greek words, signifying *ring* and *divination*. The performance of its mysteries was in itself so simple, that it was deemed expedient to add certain formulae, in order to make them more expressive. A ring was held, suspended by a fine thread, over a round table, on the edge of which were placed counters engraved with the letters of the alphabet. The thread was shaken until the ring, touching the letters, had united as many as formed an answer to a question previously put. This operation was preceded and accompanied by certain ceremonies. The ring was consecrated with divers mysterious forms. The person who held it was arrayed in linen only; a circle was shaved round his head, and in his hand he held a branch of verveine. Before commencing the gods were appeased by prayer.

The simplest and most useful form of ring, and that, by consequence, adopted by the people of all early nations, was the plain

elastic hoop, as shown in Fig. 10. Cheap in construction and convenient in wear, it may be safely said to have been generally patronised from the most ancient to the most modern times. Fig. 11 gives us the old form of a ring made in the shape of a coiled



Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

serpent, equally ancient, equally far-spread in the old world, and which has had a very large sale among ourselves as a "decided novelty." In fact it has been the most successful design our ring-makers have produced of late years. Yet this antique ring may add another "new idea" to the modern designer. It is "made on the principle of some of our steel rings which we use to hold household keys, widening their circle by pressure. In this finger-ring the part in the mouth is inserted loose, so as to draw out and increase to the size of the circle needed."

Though a great variety of form and detail was adopted by Greek and Roman goldsmiths for the rings they so largely manufactured, the most general and lasting resembled Fig. 12, a Roman ring, probably of the time of Hadrian, which is now in the author's possession, and is said to have been found in the Roman camp at Silchester, Berkshire. The gold of the ring is massive at the face, making a strong setting for the cornelian, which is engraved with the figure of a female bearing corn and fruit. By far the greater majority of Roman rings exhumed at home and abroad are of this fashion, which recommends itself by a dignified simplicity, telling, by quantity and quality of metal and stone, its true value, without any obtrusive aid.

Sometimes a single ring was constructed to appear like a group of two or three upon the finger. Mr. Edwards has furnished us



Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

with the example, Fig. 13. "It has the appearance of three rings united, widened in the front and tapering within the hand. Upon the wide part of each are two letters, the whole forming 'ZHCAIC, *Mayest thou live*.' The Romans often preferred the Greek language in their most familiar customs."

Among the beautiful objects of antique Art collected by B. Hertz, Esq., and sold by auction in 1859, by Messrs. Sotheby, were many antique rings inscribed with sentences and mottoes of a remarkable kind. Those bearing Greek inscriptions were the wordiest; such as—"I love not lest I go astray; but I observe well, and I laugh."—"They say what they will; let them say, I care not." Many were evidently memorials of friendship; one represented a hand pulling the lobe of an ear, with the word "Remember;" another, with a similar device, with the motto "Remind me of the noble character." Others were inscribed—

\* The cut and description is copied from "The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings," by Charles Edwards, Counsellor-at-Law, New York; one of the pleasantest little books which the American press has added to English literature.

\* Barrera, "History of Gems and Jewels."



ETYXI — "Good luck to you," and "I bring luck to him who wears this ring." Among the Latin inscriptions were simple good wishes expressed in the words "Vivas" and "Bene;" or sentiments expressed in few words, such as—"Love me, I will love thee;" "Come, I will not;" "Be greeted, Fabiana." Many were simply inscribed with the names of the wearers, such as VLP. PRISCELLÆ ("the ring of Ulpia Priscilla"); sometimes with two names, as—Valeria Cleopatra and Hermadion Caesaris. A massive silver ring inscribed with the name "Sabbina" is engraved (Fig. 14) from the original in the Londesborough collection.

We place beside it a ring with a very different device, but one that cannot fail to be looked on with singular interest. It is marked with the *Labarum*, the oldest sacred



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

monogram of Christianity, which Constantine believed he saw in a vision, and placed upon his victorious standard and his coins, with the motto—"In hoc signo vinces!" This ring came from the Roman sepulchre of an early Christian, and the hand for which it was originally fashioned may have aided in the conquering war of the first Christian emperor; or may have been convulsed in an agonising death, "thrown to the beasts" of the circus, but reposing after death with the first martyrs to the faith.

Clement of Alexandria suggests to the Christians of his era, that they should have engraved devices of symbolic meaning allusive to their faith, in place of the heathen deities and other subjects cut by Roman lapidaries; such as a dove, which symbolises life eternal and the Holy Spirit; a palm-branch, peace; an anchor, hope; a ship in full sail, the church; and others of similar import.

Gorius has preserved a representation of a gold ring (here copied) which he believes



to have been presented by a Roman lady to the victorious charioteer in the horse-races; it is of peculiar form, but one that was a favourite with Roman wearers. The bust of the donor appears on the summit of the ring, and on each side are the heads of reined horses, as shown in our cut. Her name is engraved on the lower part of the hoop, and on each side AMOR-OSPIS. The latter properly being HOSPES, having the aspirate omitted and an I for an E, induces Gorius to consider it a late work of the Roman era.

We have already spoken of the ring-hand and the ring-finger, but have not noted the origin of the custom of placing the wedding ring on that finger. It resulted from an inaccurate belief that a nerve went from thence to the heart. That the ancients were indiscriminate in the use of their

fingers as recipients for rings we have already shown; Mr. Waterton has placed in his curious *Dactyliothea* the forefinger from a bronze statue of late Roman workmanship, wearing a large ring upon the second joint. In Germany it is still cus-



tomary to wear the ring in this fashion, a custom they evidently borrowed from their Roman subjugators, and have retained through every century of change since then.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

## RECENT SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO ART.

### ANILINE AND COAL-TAR COLOURS.

As a considerable period has elapsed since any account has appeared in this Journal of the wonderful colours obtained from coal-tar, the last paper on the subject having been communicated by Mr. Robert Hunt, in 1859, it is thought desirable to publish a series of articles on this remarkable source of dyeing materials, so interesting to printers of fabrics, dyers, paper-stainers, chromolithographers, and even to artists.

The beauty and bloom of these new colours immensely surpass those of the corresponding hues formerly obtained from madder, indigo, cochineal, safflower, &c., and since Mr. Hunt described the mauve of Mr. Perkin, many other colours from the same fertile source have been discovered, of which it is no exaggeration to say that some of them rival in brilliancy the flowers of nature herself. Thus, from the dark, sticky, and noisome fluid called coal-tar, chemists and manufacturers have succeeded in preparing the following variety of colours:—purples (many shades), blues, reds, pinks, greens, yellows, orange, brown, black.

In the present series of papers we propose to describe the processes by which many of these colours are manufactured, and also to epitomise the remarkable discoveries of Dr. W. A. Hofmann, so as to give our readers a clear view of the present state of our knowledge on this subject, and to enable them to appreciate the rapid progress which, in a very few years, has so largely developed the commercial application of Dr. Hofmann's chemical discoveries. It is not unreasonable to infer, from the experience of these few years, that the time is not distant when the dyes derived from coal-tar will completely displace all others, as they have already materially diminished the use of such dyes as cochineal, safflower, and prussiate of potash. It is also probable that the production of these new colours will be cheapened, and their fastness improved, from which it may be predicted that the most renowned and hitherto valuable dye-stuffs, such as indigo and madder, will in their turn be superseded. Should this prove to be the case, so far from this country depending upon foreign sources for its dyeing materials, as upon India and South America for indigo, France, Turkey, Holland, and Sicily for madder, Spain for safflower, and Mexico for cochineal, we shall prepare our own more splendid dyes from our coal-fields, in which the luxuriant vegetation of antediluvian times has stored up for our use the coloured sunbeams of countless

ages. Further, this production of coal-tar colours will also bring some alteration in our commercial relations with other countries, from the fact that besides ceasing to import the various dyeing materials mentioned above, we shall probably supply the world, as in fact we have done of late years France, Germany, and Switzerland, if not with the actual dyes, at least with the substances from which they are derived. As a proof that this inference is not exaggerated, it may be stated that we now export to several parts of the world the substance called sal ammoniac (one of several ammoniacal salts which may be prepared with the ammonia generated in the distillation of coal), instead of importing a few tons, as formerly, from Ammonia, in Lybia. Another example is, that instead of procuring alum from the Roman states, and, until recently, from Whitby shales, we now manufacture and supply the world with ammoniacal alum, obtained from the refuse of coal-pits and gas-works.

Without entering here into the composition and properties of the fifty compounds which chemists have succeeded in isolating, and which are produced during the destructive distillation of coal, it may be stated that the following six substances chiefly have, up to the present time, been employed in the manufacture of coal-tar colours:—Benzine (or Benzole), Toluol, Aniline, Toluidine, Carboic acid, Naphthaline, and Rosalic acid. Of these six, aniline may be considered the most important, and although it exists in coal-tar, and, as such, was used by Mr. Perkin in his first experiments, still the progress of organic chemistry has been so rapid, that it is now found cheaper and more easy to produce it artificially. The great importance now acquired by aniline will justify a few particulars respecting its production, as well as the interesting chemical reactions upon which it depends.

In 1835 the illustrious Michael Faraday discovered in the products of coal distillation a substance which he called benzole, but it was Mr. Charles Mansfield who in 1848 first noticed its presence in any quantity in coal-tar; and it is this substance (well known to the public as a remover of grease stains, as a solvent for caoutchouc, &c.) which is transformed into aniline by the following chemical reaction:—Impure commercial benzine is submitted to the action of nitric acid, which gives rise to nitro-benzine, or artificial oil of bitter almonds; this in its turn is mixed with acetic acid and iron filings, and allowed to remain a few hours, during which time a chemical action takes place, converting the nitro-benzine into aniline. To isolate the aniline from the mass, the whole is placed in an iron cylinder and distilled; and after a further distillation it is ready to be used for the production of colours. This discovery of the artificial production of aniline furnishes a curious instance of the combination for practical results of the labours of various scientific men, working without concert and at a distance from each other. Thus Faraday discovers benzine in England; Mitscherlich, nitro-benzine at Berlin; another German chemist (Unverdorben), a substance which he calls crystalline, and which is subsequently called by Fritzsche, a Russian chemist, aniline, from *anil*, the Portuguese name for indigo; and lastly, Dr. Hofmann, in 1842, discovers aniline among the products of coal-tar; so that we may say that the researches of eminent chemists have converted the benzine of Faraday into the aniline of Hofmann.

The last-named learned chemist has lately made the extraordinary discovery that pure aniline is not a colour-producing agent, but

that it must be mixed with an homologous substance called toluidine to be susceptible of yielding colours; and in this respect the anilines of commerce are well adapted for the manufacture of dyeing materials, a proportion of toluidine being always contained in them.

**Purples.**—We shall first give a sketch of the various purples which have been introduced into commerce, treating them in the order of dates. The first tar colour which was made available in practice, was that discovered by Mr. Perkin in 1856, and introduced in 1857 under the name of mauve. It was prepared by the following simple process:—Aniline was combined with sulphuric acid, and mixed with bichromate of potash, when the oxygen of the latter oxydised the aniline, and converted it into what is commercially known as aniline purple or mauve. To extract from the black mass thus produced, the colour called by Mr. Perkin "mauvine," it is necessary first to wash the mass with water, and, when dry, with coal naphtha, which removes a large quantity of a dark brown substance; the remaining mass then easily yields its purple dye to alcohol; or the black mass first produced may be treated with acetic acid, which effects more simply the solution of the colouring matter, and this, or the alcoholic solution, may be at once used for dyeing or printing. To enable this to compete with others, various processes have from time to time been adopted to still further improve this colour, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter. It should, however, be stated that Mr. Perkin has succeeded in isolating mauvine, by adding a solution of hydrate of potash to a boiling solution of commercial crystallised mauvine, when, after a short time, a crystalline body is deposited, which only requires to be washed with alcohol and water to become perfectly pure. Mr. Perkin has proved this colouring matter to be a distinct organic substance, of a black glittering appearance, and a most powerful base, capable of combining with acids, even carbonic acid. Further, mauvine is characterised by its solubility in alcohol, and by its forming a violet solution, which immediately becomes purple on the addition of an acid.

This important purple colour had no sooner appeared, than numerous methods were discovered of attaining the same or similar results. For example, Messrs. Depouilly and Lauth oxydised commercial aniline by means of hypochlorite of lime; Mr. Kay employed a mixture of peroxide of manganese and sulphuric acid; Mr. Greville Williams, permanganate of potash; Mr. D. Price, peroxide of lead; and Messrs. Dale and Caro, perchloride of copper and chloride of sodium. Subsequently several new methods differing entirely from these were devised, upon which a few words should be said, as they have been more or less extensively employed. Thus, the Regina purple, discovered by Mr. Nicholson, is obtained by heating a red dye to be presently described, called Magenta, in a suitable vessel to a temperature of about 400°, when a chemical action occurs, by which ammonia is liberated, and the purple produced. The black mass remaining in the vessel is then treated with acetic acid, which dissolves a magnificent purple colour, requiring only mixing with alcohol to be ready for use. I believe, however, that the most beautiful purple yet produced is due to a discovery of Dr. Hofmann's, made during his recent scientific investigations on the chemical composition of these remarkable dyes. This new colour, which is called "Hofmann's Primula Purple," is prepared

by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson, the great manufacturers of tar colours in England, by the following process, or some slight modification of it. They take one part of rosaniline (this organic colour-giving base of magenta or roseine will be fully described in our next paper), two parts of iodide of ethyl, and two parts of methylated alcohol; the whole is heated for three or four hours at a temperature of 212°, in a suitable metallic vessel capable of supporting pressure, when the whole of the rosaniline is converted into a new colouring substance. To obtain the colour from it, it is simply necessary to allow the mass in the vessel to cool, and to dissolve it in methylated alcohol, which solution may be at once used for dyeing and printing; but no doubt Messrs. Simpson and Co. find it not only advantageous to remove from the mass the iodine it may contain, and also to further purify the colour by other chemical processes. It may be stated with truth that the "Primula Purple" is the finest shade of purple yet produced.

It is highly probable that the successful introduction of these magnificent colours in arts and manufactures would have been less rapid, but for the discovery in 1856 of another fast purple from lichens, by Mr. Marnas (of the firm of Guinon, Marnas, and Bonnet), of Lyons, the beauty of which colour tended greatly to stimulate the public taste for fast purple on the Continent, and then in England, and thus materially assisted in overcoming the inertia and reluctance of dyers and printers to incur the great expense at that time involved in the application of tar purples.

The next coal-tar colour brought under public notice was a red dye, which received the name of Magenta or Solferino. The first scientific glimpse of the existence of this colour was obtained by Dr. Hofmann, in 1843; it was further noticed, in 1856, by Mr. Natanson, but was fully described by Dr. Hofmann in 1858. There is consequently no doubt that his researches suggested to Mr. Verguin, a chemist of Lyons, the idea of substituting the action of anhydrous bichloride of tin on aniline for that of tetrachloride of carbon, employed by Hofmann. Dr. Hofmann's process was further developed by Mr. Gerberkeller, and carried out on a practical scale at Mulhouse, where, under the superintendence of a commission of scientific men, the red colour of Hofmann, generated by the action of tetrachloride of carbon on aniline, was produced in large quantities. It was Mr. Verguin's process, however, which was first commercially adopted, and a red manufactured by it was for some time sold, under the name of Fuchsine, by Messrs. Renard Frères, of Lyons, who prepared it by heating to ebullition in an earthenware vessel a mixture of ten parts of aniline and seven parts of bichloride of tin, either anhydrous or hydrated. After this mixture had boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes, it was allowed to cool, and then boiled with water, which dissolved the colouring matter. To separate and purify it, the richly-coloured solution thus obtained was partially saturated with carbonate of soda, and then, by the addition of a little common salt, the aniline red was liberated in the form of a paste, which when dissolved in alcohol water, or acetic acid, was ready for the dyer's or printer's use. The extraordinary brilliancy of the colour of fuchsine, so far surpassing anything then known, attracted so much attention, that many scientific and practical men made great efforts to devise other means for its production, amongst whom may be cited Mr. D. Price, whose process was adopted

by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson, and consisted in boiling a solution of sulphate of aniline with binocide of lead. The colouring matter, called roseine, was then dissolved with water, and after further purification was ready for use. Mr. Gerberkeller also produced a beautiful shade of magenta, which he called azaléine, and prepared it by acting on aniline with nitrate of mercury. Messrs. Louth and Depouilly substituted nitric acid for the nitrate of mercury; Messrs. Dale and Caro, the action of nitrate of lead on hydrochlorate of aniline; and Mr. Smith, of Glasgow, perchloride of antimony; but the process now generally adopted is one first brought to public notice by Dr. Medlock, and further improved by Messrs. De Laire and Girard. Dr. Medlock's process consists in heating together a mixture of dry arsenic acid with aniline, to a temperature near that of the boiling point of aniline itself, when the mixture assumes a purple colour; it is then diluted with water and allowed to cool. The aqueous solution contains the colouring matter, whilst a tarry substance remains behind. It is to be regretted that Dr. Medlock did not give a more complete and precise description of his method of producing roseine with arsenic acid, for he would then have secured for this country the honour of having devised the best means of making this important dyeing material. To obviate the irregularity in the quantity of colour produced, in consequence of the varying proportions of water existing in dry arsenic acid, the following more perfect process of Messrs. De Laire and Girard is that now generally preferred. It consists in well mixing twelve parts of arsenic acid, twelve of water, and ten of commercial aniline, and after the mixture has become solid, heating it gradually to a temperature not exceeding 320°. After four or five hours it is allowed to cool, when the mass presents a coppery hue similar to that of Florentine bronze. This colouring-matter is highly soluble in water and other solvents, and imparts to them a fine purple-red tint, which could be used for dyeing purposes, but the exigencies of trade have forced the manufacturers to purify it more and more until they have gradually reached the standard of chemical purity. All who visited the chemical department of the last exhibition must have noticed the splendid crowns formed of well-defined crystals of aniline red, called magenta or roseine, in which the French, although they expected to be unrivalled in this class of production, were distanced by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson. It would be tedious to enter fully into the details of the various methods adopted for purifying the crude aniline reds, but it may be as well to state that the following process is used to remove some of the salts of aniline, tarry matters, &c. The impure colour is boiled with an excess of alkali, which liberates and expels the unaltered aniline, and fixes the acids with which it was combined. The insoluble portion is treated with a weak solution of acid, generally speaking acetic, which dissolves the colouring-matter, leaving behind the tarry substances. To the acid solution is then added a small quantity of alkali, to reprecipitate the colour, which is slightly washed with water, and then redissolved in acid. If the solution is then concentrated, beautiful crystals, having the brilliant appearance of cantharides' wings, are produced, which in this case will be acetate of rosaniline, or the roseine of Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson.

F. GRACE CALVERT.



ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND,  
AND THE PROVINCES.

**EDINBURGH.**—The thirty-seventh annual report of the Royal Scottish Academy has been published. We regret we cannot refer to it at any length, for the past year has been an eventful one in the history of the institution, inasmuch as it has lost its late president, Sir John Watson Gordon, R.A., and one of its most distinguished members, Mr. Dyce, R.A. The report, which is altogether most satisfactory as regards the position and prospects of the Academy, alludes to many matters connected with Scottish Art which are of considerable interest. The sales at the last exhibition reached a larger amount than on any former occasion.

**HAMILTON.**—A memorial of the late Duke of Hamilton is to be erected in this town by public subscription. It is proposed to make it a monumental portico enclosing a statue of the Duke.

**DUBLIN.**—The School of Art in this city, one of the oldest in Great Britain, is progressing most favourably. The numbers of those receiving instruction in drawing, in public and other schools, have increased during the past year from 900 to 2,080, and the sound instruction afforded in elementary drawing in such schools has become a valuable part of general education. Since October, 1863, the Dublin School has been conducted by Mr. Lyne.

**BRISTOL.**—The friends and pupils of the School of Art in this city held their annual meeting on the 29th of November. The yearly report, read by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, one of the honorary secretaries, states that the classes, both day and evening, have been well attended, good discipline has been maintained in the school, and the drawings executed, especially the studies from natural history, show considerable advance on former years. The report also states that the services of the head-master, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., will cease in the month of February, and application has been made to the Department of Science and Art for the nomination of a gentleman to succeed him. The financial statement shows a balance of nearly £19 in favour of the school.

**CARLISLE.**—The annual meeting of the Carlisle School of Art took place on the 26th of November, Mr. Potter, M.P., presiding. The honourable gentleman, in the course of a long and able address, alluded in no very measured terms to the waste of money on the South Kensington Museum, while the Schools of Art throughout the country were left comparatively destitute of assistance of almost every kind. The Carlisle School is altogether in a satisfactory state.

**GLOUCESTER.**—The authorities at South Kensington have expressed a wish to purchase six of the works sent up by students of the Gloucester and Stroud Schools of Art at the last national competition; the object of the purchase being to use these drawings as studies for other schools. The circumstance is equally creditable to the master of the school and to those pupils whose works have been selected.

**LEWES.**—The memorial of the late Duke of Richmond, intended for the County Hall of this town, has been completed by Mr. Foley. It consists simply of a bust and a carved pedestal. In the former the Duke wears a military uniform, over which is thrown a cloak; and on the latter is described a character entitled to the respect of mankind. The cost of the memorial is defrayed by subscription.

**LINCOLN.**—The first meeting for the distribution of prizes to the students of the Lincoln School of Art, and also to celebrate the opening of the new school, was held in the month of November, in the large room of the Corn Exchange. It was in every respect a most successful meeting, and the eloquent speeches of the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Lincoln were especially listened to with marked attention. During the evening a valuable timepiece was presented to Mr. E. R. Taylor, the master, by Mr. Richardson, on behalf of his fellow-students, in token of their esteem.

**MANCHESTER.**—The annual meeting of the Manchester Academy of Arts was held in the month of November. The report speaks favourably of the condition of the Academy, which

has now entered on its fifth year; it numbers twenty members, of whom four are non-resident: it has also two associate members. The late president, Mr. J. L. Brodie, having removed to London, Mr. W. K. Keeling, one of the oldest members of the London Institute of Water-Colour Painters, has been elected to succeed him. The council notices with satisfaction that the advantages of study afforded by the Academy were becoming better understood, not only by members, associates, and students, but also by several architects who had applied for admission.

**NORWICH.**—The prizes, which included eighteen medals, awarded at the last examination of the students in the Norwich School of Art, were distributed at a meeting of the pupils, their friends and supporters, towards the close of the past year. In the course of the preliminary remarks made by the chairman, Mr. Burwell, he stated that a deputation, important in numbers and position, had had an interview with Earl Granville, at the office of the Privy Council, the result of which was, that certain modifications with regard to existing arrangements were to be made, and measures adopted for obtaining a parliamentary committee on the alleged grievances of the provincial schools.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art in this town was made by Mr. S. Hart, R.A., one of the government-inspectors, in November last, when 387 drawings of various kinds were worked in the presence of the examiner, who expressed himself much gratified with the general excellence of what was done. Mr. Hart expressed his surprise that the Southampton School should be located in a building like the Victoria Rooms, which afford neither light nor space adequate to the requirements of the pupils.

**YORK.**—The annual meeting of the subscribers and others interested in the York School of Art took place in the month of November. Lord Houghton occupied the chair, and in his prefatory remarks said, that when he was a member of the House of Commons he took a different view from the government on the question of payment to schools by results. But whatever rules were established by the Department, he trusted would be submitted to cheerfully, and made the best of, however unpalatable they might be. We confess not to see the force of Lord Houghton's logic, nor the justice and reasonableness of his recommendations.

**YORKSHIRE ART-UNION.**—At the time when the terrible catastrophe took place in Sheffield by the bursting of the reservoir, a collection of pictures, got together by the committee of the Yorkshire Art-Union, was exhibited in that town; in the autumn of the year these works were sent to Leeds, and subsequently were transferred again to Sheffield for exhibition, thus affording a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the county an opportunity of seeing them. The collection includes about three hundred and thirty specimens.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

**PARIS.**—The genius of John Leech is not unrecognised in France. His premature and lamentable demise has been feelingly noted in more than one of the Parisian journals, and in the leading artistic periodical a special tribute has been paid to his memory. "His delicate, subtle, and piquant pencil," observes the writer thereof, "excelled in touching off, in a few firm strokes, contemporary physiognomy, and his satirical pleasantries, ephemeral as they may seem, will best afford to future antiquarians a genuine presentment of our age. Vainly would pretentious canvases of High Art compete, by the hundred, with these sketches, flung off, as it were, for a brief to-morrow of existence, to be thence seemingly consigned to oblivion. How many masterpieces—genuine masterpieces—in their intrinsic purport, are thus momentarily dashed by the hands of artists spurned by academies and neo-Grec schools!"—Apropos of schools, the *Academie des Beaux Arts* held, towards the close of November, its first sitting, since it has been shorn of its functionary attri-

butes by the remorseless decree of the past year. Although the circular hall of the *Institut* was as fully crowded on the occasion and with as brilliant a reunion of fair visitants as in days of the palmy past, yet the whole proceeding seemed a melancholy anomaly. Substantially the *Academie* has ceased to exist, and its soul has undergone a transmigration. The whole business of the day resolved itself into an eulogistic oration, on the part of the perpetual secretary, Monsieur Beulé, in memory of the deceased Hippolyte Flandrin—in whom France has lost an unequivocally great painter, and the *Academie* one whom it would fain associate with itself as a cherished pupil. This studied tribute was fervidly eloquent, although a coldly dispassionate critic would mingle a grain of salt with some of its superlatives. Its pith and purpose were, however, resolved into the essence of the following sentence of peroration. "The memory of Flandrin will be held in especial honour by the *Academie des Beaux Arts*, of whom, at the first, he has been the well beloved offspring, and, at the last, of whose doctrines he became the noble representative. The single name of Flandrin, Messieurs, confounds your calumniators and avenges the ingratitude by which you have been visited." But alas! all this and more will not repeal the Imperial statute of November, 1863! By the way, it is intended to erect a statue of the deceased artist.—The exhibition of works of Art at the *Salon* last year, notwithstanding its comparative mediocre character, realised 110,000 francs, while the number of catalogues sold was 28,000. M. Aristide Husson, one of the best pupils of David d'Angers, the distinguished sculptor, is dead; he had reached his sixty-first year. His numerous works are found in the various museums of the country.

**BREITEN.**—A monument to Melancthon, by the sculptor Drake, of Berlin, has been erected in this town.

**BRUSSELS.**—A monument in memory of Counts Egmont and Horn, who were executed in 1568 for their resistance to the tyrannical domination of Spain over their country, is to be erected in this city where they suffered. It will include four figures, the two nobles and two other soldiers.

**COPENHAGEN.**—Industrial Exhibitions are increasing in the continental states of Europe; one was opened in the autumn of last year at Amsterdam—reference was made to it in our number for the month of October—and it is proposed to hold another at Copenhagen. A committee for carrying out the project was appointed some time ago, of which Prince Oscar is president, and the following resolution was adopted:—"That an Exhibition of the Products of the three Scandinavian States—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—should take place in the summer of 1866; and for that purpose a Crystal Palace should be constructed at the expense of the state and of the capital."

**FLORENCE.**—A "Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" in such a city as Florence—the school of so many grand old painters—seems an anomaly; and yet an institution bearing this title has existed for twenty years, its twentieth annual exhibition having been opened in the autumn of last year, with two hundred and twenty oil-pictures, fourteen water-colour drawings, and eleven examples of sculpture, contributed by artists residing in Florence, Venice, Milan, Bologna, Verona, &c.

**LACKEN.**—It is proposed to erect here a permanent building for the exhibition of works in Art, science, and manufacture. A company has been formed in Brussels for the purpose.

**POMPEII.**—Among the most recent discoveries made in this city of the dead is, it is reported, a magnificent temple dedicated to Juno, in which nearly three hundred skeletons were found. The statues adorning the building are stated to be in an excellent state of preservation, and are decked with numerous jewels.

**POTSDAM.**—A copy, in marble, of 'The Angel of the Resurrection,' in the church of St. Maria da Gloria, at Rome, has been placed over the vault containing the body of Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, in Friedenskirche. The copy was executed by Tenerani, of Rome.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA."

SIR,—The interesting history of "Wedgwood and Etruria" commenced in your Journal in April last, having terminated, I take the liberty of sending you some slight information respecting "the brothers Elers" (?) spoken of in page 94; and although it is partly from a copy of Burke's "Landed Gentry," and partly from one or two family letters of a late date in my possession, I think you will admit that the account I have collected from them, and send you, of the secret of mixing the clay, is much more agreeable to contemplate than the story detailed in your Journal, of deceit and hypocrisy practised by a potter named Astbury, a relative of Josiah Wedgwood, on the Elers, and supposed to be true, and which theft is made to appear a discovery and improvement in their art by this same man.

That Elers was mainly instrumental in discovering, by his knowledge of chemistry, the art of mixing the clay in greater perfection than had before been attained, is admitted in the history you published; and it is strange so important a discovery, which ultimately tended to the greatness of the Wedgwoods, should have received so insignificant a notice from the hands of the biographer as almost to make it a matter of secondary importance in the history of Wedgwood Ware.

The man who made this great discovery was John Philip Elers (not "the brothers Elers"). He was descended from an ancient baronial family in Lower Saxony, and his immediate ancestor was Admiral Elers, who married a princess of the royal house of Baden. Their son, Martin Elers, born in 1621, removed from Germany to Holland, and was ambassador at several courts in Europe. He married the daughter of Daniel Van Mildret, a rich burgo-master of Amsterdam, and reputed to have been worth a ton of gold. They left a daughter, who married Sir W. Phipps, the ancestor of the Marquis of Normanby, and two sons, David and John Philip. The former settled in London as a merchant; the latter, the person in question, was named after his godfather, John Philip, Elector of Mentz; and his godmother, Christina of Sweden, held him in her arms at the baptismal font, and always addressed his father as cousin, in reference to his royal ancestor.

He became a man of great abilities, a great chemist, and a great mechanic. The celebrated Boerhave had a great esteem and friendship for him as a man of science. He had also the honour of the friendship of the Prince of Orange, and accompanied that prince to England. He soon after settled in Staffordshire, where he married a Miss Banks, whose sister married a Vernon, the ancestor of the present Lord. Being fond of chemistry, he discovered, and I am told by my text, that he taught the Wedgwoods the art of mixing the *Deft*. It is further stated that he never derived any pecuniary advantage from the discovery; and therefore from this statement it appears doubtful if Elers ever made pottery a business; and, indeed, I think his reputed scientific and studious habits authorise the presumption that he did not; but I am open to correction, if it can be otherwise proved.

This account is what has been handed down and generally accepted by the descendants of this scientific and learned man, and the assertion that he taught the Wedgwoods the art of mixing their clay is certainly much more pleasing, if true, than the story of the contemptible artifice and theft said to have been committed by the potter Astbury.

Therefore I think it is to be hoped Burke and my documents may be correct, since so much has lately been done to honour Josiah Wedgwood, and leave Elers disregarded, who, according to the history published in your Journal, was driven, by unfair dealing, by that family from Bradwell, after his secret had been clandestinely stolen; thus founding, as it were (though, I believe, no uncommon thing), a greatness on the genius of another man.

It may be interesting to note further that the celebrated authoress, Maria Edgeworth, was

granddaughter of this same John Philip Elers, his daughter, Maria Elers, having married Richard Lovell Edgeworth. There are some descendants of the Elers family, and I believe I possess the only few letters existing, though of a late date, of any former member of it, through my wife, who was the youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant Edward Elers, R.N., great grandson of John Philip, and who died at the early age of twenty-eight, leaving four children, and whose widow afterwards married the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

W. LACT, Major.

*The Polygon, Southampton,*  
Dec. 1864.

## A BASKET OF LOVES.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY THORWALDSEN.

Born of a father whose early home was in the inhospitable climate of Iceland, reared in the scarcely less inclement atmosphere of Copenhagen, Thorwaldsen's name stands, perhaps, the foremost among the sculptors of the present century; for we do not think that even Canova—who, probably, has acquired more popular fame—has shown so much vigour of expression, and such high poetical qualities, as the Danish artist. Canova is known chiefly by his statues, Thorwaldsen both by these and bas-reliefs; and though his statues are of the highest order,—for example, his 'Hope,' his 'Venus,' and the sitting figure of Byron,—his *relievos* certainly transcend these, and are the works which have brought most glory to his name: the most remarkable are the 'Triumph of Alexander,' 'Priam asking for the Dead Body of Hector,' and the sculptured decoration of the cathedral at Copenhagen.

In his 'Basket of Loves' we have one of those fanciful poetical compositions in which he occasionally indulged; it is a sculptured picture, characterised by grace and humour. The female is evidently a wanderer, the pilgrim's staff indicates this; she is resting by the way, and, perhaps in a moment of unguardedness, one of the nestlings, eager to try its powers of flight, like a young bird, has spread its wings, and flies away; while its owner seems vainly striving to allure it back again. Of those still in the nest or basket, one looks archly up to its brother who has taken flight; another lays its hand playfully on the nose of a noble dog, the wanderer's companion; two are caressing each other; and one, which appears the youngest, is fast asleep. In every part of the composition there is much to admire, both in the conception, and in the execution. Look, for instance, at the tiny faces of the young loves, how expressive they all are. But the sculptor has thrown all his energy into the principal figure, whose countenance is very beautiful.

Sculptors who aim at being pictorial, are very apt to lose the dignity of their art in the attempt to carry out their ideas; but no such charge can be brought against this design. Full of picturesque materials as it is, all is made subordinate to the true principles of sculptural art: while to show how carefully the artist had studied the arrangement of the subject so as to preserve uniformity, attention should be directed to the upper end of the staff, which, by being thus placed, fills up what would otherwise be a blank space, giving to the whole composition a complete pyramidal form. This portion of the staff, seen behind the female, acts as a balancing power to the group of small figures projecting in the same line with it, on the opposite side.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE HANGERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY in 1865 will be Messrs. Ward, Millais, and Cooke. H. W. Pickersgill, Esq., has resigned the office of Librarian. It is understood that his successor will be Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A.—The election of two Academicians took place on the 17th December, when Messrs. Faed and Horsley became members.—On the 10th of December silver medals were awarded to Mr. Thomas Davidson, for the best painting from the Life; to Mr. Frederick George Oakes for the best copy made in the painting school; to Mr. Claud Andrews Calthrop for the best drawing from the Life; to Mr. Richard Lincoln Alldridge for the best drawing from the Antique; to Mr. James Griffiths for the best model from the Antique; to Mr. Sydney Williams Lee for the best architectural drawing; to Mr. Horace Henry Canty for the best perspective drawing. It is gratifying to add that Mr. Richard Phene Spiers was at the same time appointed to the "travelling studentship" for an architectural design. This young gentleman—the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, whose name has been so long associated with much that is estimable in Letters and in Art—has now, we believe, obtained every honour which the Royal Academy can bestow upon a student.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A., has intimated to the Royal Academy his intention to bequeath to it the sum of £32,000, the sole condition being that a part of its gallery shall contain casts of his works, which casts the sculptor will supply.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The authorities of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in which the National Gallery stands, have received notice from the office of Woods and Forests that Government requires the whole of the workhouse and the site for the purposes of the National Gallery; the parish is invited to send in an estimate of its value.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—Preparations have been some time in progress for the reception of the memorial of his Royal Highness the "Good" Prince Consort, though a lengthened period must elapse before the works themselves will be ready for placing, from the multitude of details involved in the monument. The sketches have all been sent in to the committee, and photographs of them have been made for the Royal Family, and also for transmission to the Crown Princess of Prussia. In order to help the memory of our readers and to assist them to an estimate of the importance of this work, and of the quality of Art they may expect, it may not be out of place to recapitulate, that the four principal groups will be by MacDowell, Foley, Theed, and Bell, being symbolical of the four quarters of the globe. The second series, to describe Commerce, Agriculture, Manufacture, and Engineering, are respectively entrusted to Marshall, Weekes, Thornycroft, and Lawler.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The copies made from a selection of the exhibition of "Old Masters" were open to inspection on the 16th of November. The works left for study were—a portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland, by Gainsborough; of Wentworth Earl of Stafford, Vandyke; of a man, by Flink; Sir Endymion Porter, by Vandyke; of a Burgomaster, Vander Helst; the Penn Family, by Reynolds; a Lady, Romney; Lord Mulgrave, Gainsborough; and Lady Sheffield, by the same. 'The Morning Ride,' Cuyp; 'Spanish Girls at a Window,' Murillo; 'River with Boats,'











A BASKET OF LOVES.

ENGRAVED BY E. W. STODART, FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY THORWALDSEN.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.





Vander Capella; 'Landscape,' Both; 'Magdalen,' Carlo Dolce; 'A Poultry Yard,' Hondekoeter; 'Dead Game and Still Life,' Snyder; 'Theseus and Athene,' S. Rosa; a 'Flight into Egypt,' Vanni; and a very beautiful interior by Teniers.

AT THE LAST ELECTION held by the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, Mr. W. Thomas was admitted an associate. There is at present no intention on the part of this society to hold a winter exhibition.

**GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.**—An exhibition under this title will be opened at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday, the 20th of February, 1865. As contributions are invited from painters in water-colour,—subject, of course, to the approval of a committee,—it does not appear that this exhibition will be held by an exclusive body, although it is probable that a selection of the contributors will eventually form themselves into a society, which, if instituted on liberal principles, would be a boon to a great mass of water-colour artists to whom no institution in their own department of Art is open, as both of the water-colour institutions are more exclusive than the Royal Academy. The exhibition is opened on the principle of guarantee, the fund amounting to £250.

**ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—The first meeting of this society for the session 1864-65 took place on the 7th of November, when the president, Mr. T. L. Donaldson, delivered an address on the position of the Institute at this time, its prospects for the future, and on the progress of architecture generally in the country. He referred especially to what was being done in London, and contrasted the "niggardly" spirit in which architecture was carried out here with the gigantic strides made in Paris under the "master-mind" of the Emperor.

**THE LONDON INSTITUTION.**—We are gratified to find the Council of this old and important literary and scientific society still continues to include the subject of Art among its proceedings. In the month of November last, Mr. John Zephaniah Bell delivered three lectures in the theatre of the Institution on "Story in Fine Art and in Ornamental Art." It is not, perhaps, generally known that the London Institution possesses one of the largest and most valuable libraries, and the most extensive apparatus for scientific purposes, in the kingdom; the former includes many books not found in the British Museum.

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS** has opened its 111th session. The list of members is now "prodigious," numbering, we believe, between three thousand and four thousand. The yearly subscription of each is two guineas; the annual income of the society, therefore, approaches £8,000. It is consequently in its power to do an immense amount of good, and greatly to advance the interests of "Art and manufacture." It has certainly not been idle of late years; for nearly half a century it indulged in absolute sleep; within the last ten or perhaps twenty years, however, it has been roused into active exertion, and very beneficial results have followed. For ART, however, the society has done little or nothing—not so much, indeed, as it did when Sloth presided over its proceedings. It seems, in reality, to ignore this—a very important, if not the most important—part of its duty. We believe if it were to appoint a committee to take into consideration how the interests of Art may be best promoted in Great Britain, the society might very greatly enlarge its means of usefulness.

**THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBI-**

**TION.**—This work is proceeding satisfactorily. The committees—those of Dublin and London—are exerting themselves to the utmost to bring it to a successful issue. "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Exhibition to be placed under her royal patronage," as "a patriotic undertaking, which she is happy to encourage and support," and the Irish court is energetically sustaining it. Zealous aid has been tendered by the several governments of the Continent, and from India and our colonies much valuable help is looked for. We hope the manufacturers of England and Scotland are fully alive to the importance of the movement, and are arranging to send contributions. It will answer their purpose to do so—"commercially;" of that we have no doubt; but there are other, and not less weighty, considerations by which they should be influenced. There has never occurred a better opportunity for drawing nearer and closer the relations of the two countries, on which so much of the happiness and prosperity of both must essentially depend.

**THE LIVERPOOL STATUE OF GLADSTONE** is, we understand, to be executed by Mr. John Adams. Under what circumstances, or by whose influence, this commission was obtained, we are at a loss to guess; certainly the event is not to be attributed to any merit of the sculptor above that of his competitors. When commissions are given so heedlessly, or in such utter ignorance, it can scarcely be matter of wonder that so many of our public testimonials are either absurdities or atrocities; with men ready to do works of this order—Foley, MacDowell, Marshall, Durham, Bell, Weekes, and several others—men who are fully capable of producing "memorials" that will honour the subjects and the country, it is not a little singular, while it is certainly very deplorable, that second or third-class artists should be commissioned to produce them.

**BUST OF THACKERAY.**—A bust of this renowned author is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, between the monuments of Addison and Macaulay. It will not be out of place: all of human kind owe a debt to Thackeray. It appears that a committee has commissioned Baron Marochetti to produce this bust; we cannot say why—for of all our sculptors, he seems to us almost the last that should have been selected. We say this without by any means disparaging an artist of great ability; but the bust of a plain English gentleman is not "in his line;" there will be no scope for the exercise of any talent, beyond that of preserving a likeness of the man; to elevate the features into poetry or lofty expression would be to do injustice to the great literary satirist of the age. There are sculptors who knew him at least as well as did the Baron Marochetti, and could have done the work better than the Baron will do it. Moreover, if it is to be a bust merely, on a pedestal, we desire to know on what grounds the committee ask for subscriptions to the amount of six hundred pounds! Can it cost more—including Westminster Abbey fees—than half that sum.

**WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITIONS.**—This principle is extending; arrangements are in progress for exhibitions in Marylebone, Lambeth, and in the eastern parts of London; moreover, they are "talked about" in the Provinces. That at Islington was "a great success," opened by Earl Russell, and closed by Mr. Gladstone, it has been made famous. Any means of employing wisely the leisure hours of working men ought to be encouraged; amusement that is also instructive is, above all things, to be desired. We rejoice, therefore, that the experiment

at Islington was commercially, as well as socially, profitable: it is understood that, at the several evening "receptions," nearly one hundred thousand persons, of both sexes, attended. Results, therefore, very beneficial must have arisen from the movement. We venture, however, to counsel the directors and arrangers of such schemes, that it may be wise to use some sort of supervision over articles tendered for admission; it need not be too strict; while it will be most desirable to encourage artisans to send more freely their own actual works in their own callings—borrowed they may be from their owners or the masters by whom they are employed. "The Report of the Adjudicators" at Islington has been printed; but it tells us little beyond the fact that they (the adjudicators) found "the experience, acquired by them in the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 in London, and of 1855 in Paris," "helped them less than might have been expected," in reference to their duties at Islington.

**HENRY DEUX WARE.**—A costly trifle has been lately added to the South Kensington Museum, in the shape of a small earthenware candlestick of this very rare ware. The Museum already possessed specimens of the manufacture, but its rulers have thought well to add this at a cost of seven hundred and fifty pounds!—a price so monstrous that few persons would believe it on hearsay evidence. When Sir Anthony Rothschild bought a similar one in Paris, some years ago, for a little over £200, it was thought the freak of a millionaire, who would not be controlled in his fancies. It is to be borne in mind that this Museum is not presumed to be a collection of expensive curiosities, but exists only as an addition to the School of Design, and the repository of works of reference and utility.

**THE SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA**, the composition of which is by J. H. Foley, R.A., contains as a centre a representation of that statue of Washington which was executed by the American sculptor Crawford, and erected at Richmond. The figure is mounted and in uniform, as if commanding in an engagement. It is surrounded by a wreath beautifully composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil, as tobacco, rice, maize, cotton, wheat, and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22nd February, 1862. Deo Vindice." The diameter of the seal is from three to four inches, and it is of silver.

**SPECIMENS OF CHURCH PLATE**, consisting of flagon, chalice, and paten, manufactured by Mr. Keith, have been supplied by Frank Smith and Co. to All Saints' Church, Windsor, which was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford, November, 1864, in the presence of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family. The flagon, of silver gilt, is a fine specimen of Art-workmanship, and the tasteful and judicious introduction of the engraved ornaments assists to develop the form of the vessel.

**PLAYING CARDS.**—Messrs. Delarue—whose cards are undoubtedly much the best for use, as all players know—are exerting their ample "means and appliances" to give them the aid of Art. Several of their "new patterns" are true and graceful in design, while others are not so, because they aim to accomplish objects that, though more costly, are less effective. In such matters simplicity is far preferable to elaboration; the eye should be refreshed by purity of form rather than by gaudy colours and gilt. The failures of Messrs. Delarue are, however, the exceptions; their cards are, for the most part, very meritorious in ornamentation,

and may be recommended on that ground, as well as for their manufactured "goodness" of material.

**THE WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, PALL MALL.**—The prizes offered by the manager of this gallery have been thus awarded by the committee entrusted with the task of selection: that of £100 to Mr. Orchardson, for his picture of 'The Challenge'; and that of £50 to Mr. W. H. Davis, for his 'Morning on the Salaises at Boulogne.' An extra prize of £50 was given by Mr. Wallis to Mr. J. Morgan for his picture of 'Raising a Church-rate.'

**AN ARTIST WITHOUT ARMS.**—There dwells in Antwerp an artist named Fillu, who, born without arms, educated his feet effectively to do their work. His taste directed his choice of life. He became a painter, and has succeeded in being a very accomplished one. He may be seen, in the Museum, copying with great fidelity some fine work or other. He balances himself with ease and firmness on a stool, grasps his maulstick and palette with the left great toe, and with the right uses his brush with perfect facility. The toes of his feet alone are exposed. M. Fillu has a most agreeable and intelligent physiognomy.

**A LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.**—The papers by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., which have excited great attention, and given much satisfaction, in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, are about to be collected and published in one volume, with many valuable additions. These additions have resulted from a mass of communications received by Mr. Jewitt, important aids having been tendered to him on a variety of incidental and illustrative topics. All, therefore, that careful research and industry, added to large experience concerning British ceramic Art, can bring to the assistance of the writer, in treating the life of this illustrious man, will be given in this book, which will contain upwards of one hundred engraved illustrations.

**MR. FULLER**, of Pall Mall, formerly of Rathbone Place, whose name has long been respected, entreats us to state that he is in no way connected with a "firm" which, under the same name, advertises to "teach," and to give "prizes" for instructions in, "illuminating" and so forth. Farther, we advise persons who may receive circulars and prospectuses from this "firm"—ladies, more especially, who may be told how to earn "respectable livelihoods" by paying certain unascertained sums of money for "teachings"—to be very minute in their inquiries before remittances "by post-office order" or otherwise are sent as directed.

**SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's** picture, 'The Maid and the Magpie,' has been added to the Kensington Collection. This, it will be remembered, was one of the pictures bequeathed by the late Mr. Jacob Bell. Another, called 'An Incident in a Battle,' by Tschaggeny, has been placed there under the will of the late Mr. Oppenheim.

**AN ALTAR CLOTH** of richly embroidered velvet has been recently produced by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., for the Infirmary chapel of Radcliffe, Oxford. It is from the design of Mr. A. W. Blomfield, the architect of the chapel, and is beyond doubt one of the most beautiful and harmonious works of its class. When such artists as Mr. Blomfield do not consider it a condescension to think of all the minor and subordinate needs of a church, the results cannot be otherwise than gratifying. He has found competent allies in Messrs. Smith, who have admirably executed their part of the task. The superfrontal of the cover is composed of the richest crimson silk velvet, in colours, with conventional roses; the

frontal is of green velvet, and to this portion of the work has been successfully applied some of the richest specimens of the art of the embroideress. The frontal is divided into three compartments by four orphreys, embroidered at the base with vases, out of which spring conventionalised plants or flowers, arranged in such a manner that the colours introduced greatly assist in developing the graceful forms of the ornament. The two side compartments contain a mediævalised floral design, worked out also with great skill in colours, while in the centre panel is introduced the finest embroidery, in the shape of a large cross with floriated ends, worked in coloured silks and gold thread, with fine large crystals which add much to the brilliancy of the whole.

**THE GRAPHIC.**—In the arrangements for the ensuing season, it is proposed that ladies be invited to one of the meetings. The first *conversazione* was held as usual, at the London University, on the 14th of December.

**A LONG RESIDENT IN VENICE.**—Mr. E. L. Fryer has painted several excellent pictures of the famous sea-city, some of which are commissions executed for Vienna. They are of great merit as accurate portraits of places and objects which have been made familiar to us by the pencils of Canaletti, David Roberts, and others; but they are none the less interesting therefore. Mr. Fryer knows Venice well; he has sought and found scenes hitherto little known, and has delineated them with freedom, force, and fidelity. His largest work describes the Palace of the Doge and the Ponte della Paglia, with groups of incidental figures. He has also sketches and pictures of Italian and Swiss scenery, and one of Fontainebleau, a rich and picturesque landscape, that exhibits considerable ability.

**THE LAST WORK OF THOMAS BATTAM.**—It is sad to write this sentence—to know that the fertile mind, rich fancy, and skilful hand of this valuable artist cannot again assist in educating the public taste, for which he long catered so well and wisely. Mr. Alderman Copeland has issued his last work; it is one of the most charming of his many excellent productions, designed with singular delicacy and beauty. The work is called the Lurline Tazza; it is simply a stooping figure supporting a fanciful shell, intended to hold flowers. A pillar, which sustains the figure, stands in a somewhat large basin, for flowers also; flowers therefore being underneath and above the fabled nymph of the Lurlei Berg, the perilous maiden of the Rhine. The whole composition is conceived in the purest taste; it is admirably modelled, and is, moreover, a most fortunate example of manipulative skill.

**THE ART-UNION**, hitherto known as that of the Crystal Palace, but now, we believe, as the "Ceramic Art-Union," is preparing for a vigorous campaign. It is to this special class of Art that the society has been hitherto indebted for its success. It has given much impetus to Ceramic Art, its issues having all been of great excellence, produced exclusively for members, each being generally of the full value of the guinea subscribed. The productions on which its directors calculate for "a run" in 1866 are two busts of great excellence of the Queen and Prince Albert, from the originals by Theed, representing the sovereign and her illustrious consort—"the good Prince"—in the prime of life, just at the period when it will be most pleasant to cherish the memory of both. The busts are consequently very desirable acquisitions. Other objects of value are shown at

the official dépôt, the Polytechnic, in Regent Street: they are very varied, many of them being elegant utilities. The society has always had our cordial support; it has done much good service to British industrial Art, fostering and ministering to pure taste, and placing the best of its productions within easy reach. We rejoice, therefore, to know that the lamented death of its projector, Mr. Thomas Battam, will in no way interrupt its prosperous progress.

**THE INSTITUTE OF SCULPTORS.**—The resolutions adopted by this body in reference to the late Exhibition of Sculpture at South Kensington having been dissented from in a few cases, Mr. Westmacott and the Baron Marochetti retired from the society; and in another case the virtual expulsion of a member took place by a vote of the body, confirmatory of all its foregone acts bearing on this matter, and in effect excluding from the Institute members who act in contravention of the resolutions of the majority. The origin of these dissensions is still found in the impossible conditions to which the profession was to be subjected in contributing to the exhibition, and which must be entirely re-modelled, if any worthy show of English sculpture be in future contemplated at Kensington.

**THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.**—The ninth exhibition of the works of this society and those of contributors will be opened in the present month. All works intended for exhibition should be sent to the gallery, 48, Pall Mall, on the 14th or 15th of January, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., after which days no works can be received. By the retirement of the ladies who have hitherto undertaken the direction of the affairs of the society, the entire management devolves upon the artists themselves, by whom a committee has been formed.

**PICTURE SALE.**—The recent premature death of Mr. Leggatt, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt has been the occasion of dispersing the valuable collection of pictures, and other works contained in their gallery, in Cornhill. These were submitted to auction, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 7th of December and following days, too late in the month to enable us to give any detailed notice in our present number.

**PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.**—An impression of Droeshout's engraved portrait of the Bard, prefixed to the first edition of his works, has been recently discovered in a very different "state" from any other copy known. Its peculiarities consist in its being as it first left the engraver's hands, all other impressions having very coarse additions. Thus, the moustache and beard have received considerable additions, thereby destroying the expression of the muscles about the mouth and chin. Dark shadows, produced in the coarsest manner, give the face the character of a long oval; this is particularly the case with the forehead. The hair in the original flows naturally from the shadow lines of the forehead, but, in the usual impressions it is divided by a deep shadow that gives it the appearance of a wig. The eyebrows have been elongated, and, in one instance, re-engraved with lines at right angles to the original, and in opposition to nature. This curious print, now the property of Mr. Halliwell, justifies Ben Jonson's commendatory verses, much more than could be imagined from the plate as we ordinarily see it.

**MR. RIMMEL** has issued his New Year's Calendar; as usual, it is a very graceful collection of small chromo-lithographs, having this novelty, that it is perfumed by "a varnish composed of fragrant gums."



## REVIEWS.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY FROM THE SECOND TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Vols. I. and II. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. CAVALCASELLE, Authors of "The Early Flemish Painters." Published by J. MURRAY, London.

If we in England remain ignorant of the history of Italian painters and pictures, it is not because there has been any lack of information concerning both within our reach. The writings of their own biographers, Vasari and Lanzi, have been fully translated into English, and circulated among us at a comparatively cheap rate. Kugler's work has also appeared in an English garb; Sir Charles L. Eastlake and Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Wornum, Mr. J. T. James, with others, have done good service in the same domain of Art-literature, to say nothing of encyclopædias, dictionaries, magazines, and journals, many of which have at different times within the last twenty years taken up the subject with a zeal and knowledge that evinced how much interest it has created. In truth, Italian Art has been so variously and amply discussed, that one would almost think little more remained to be said; and yet two other volumes—thick octavos—now claim our attention, from the pens of Messrs. J. A. Crowe and J. B. Cavalcaselle, who announce them as "drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of Art scattered throughout Europe." These two volumes are, however, but the first instalment of a history to be completed hereafter.

Italian Art, and especially that portion of it which is embraced in the epochs now under consideration, being almost exclusively limited to what is known as Christian Art, it may naturally be inferred that much of what we read in the volumes of Mr. Crowe and his coadjutor, has also received due attention from such previous writers as Mrs. Jameson, and M. Rio, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," a work translated into English. Yet we do not find here any direct reference to them or to any other authors, except those of Italy,—Vasari, Baldinucci, Lanzi, and others,—and to these rather in short notes than in matter extensively incorporated with the text. So far, therefore, an independent tone has been adopted throughout, though much of the information obtained must be derived from these early sources.

Starting from the records of early Christian Art as represented in the paintings in the Catacombs, in the mosaic work executed in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, between the fourth and seventh centuries, and in the examples of glass painting and wall pictures from the latter date to the beginning of the thirteenth century, we come, in the third chapter, to the works of the Cosmati and Pietro Cavallini, in Rome and its vicinity. As the latter artist was contemporary with Giotto, whom he assisted in the mosaics of the basilica of St. Pietro, we reach at once the morning twilight of the revival of the art of painting. The fourth chapter is especially interesting, because the subject treated—sculpture in Central Italy during the twelfth century—has been little discussed in books by modern writers on Italian Art. This art was then prominently represented by the works, at Pisa, of Nicola Pisano, who, "rejecting the conventional religious sentiments which had marked his predecessors and contemporaries, revived the imitation of the classic Roman period, and remained a mere spectator at first of the struggle for the new and Christian types of the early school of Florence. Grand in comparison with Guido"—not Guido Reni, of Bologna, whose name is so familiar as a painter to our readers, but Guido, of Como, a sculptor of the thirteenth century—"and his predecessors, whose religious sentiment was allied to the rudest and most primitive execution, he gave new life to an apparently extinct art, and had, in common with the men of his time at Pisa nothing but the subject. Pagan form subservient to Christian ideas, such was the character of Niccola's sculptures." The mention of Pisa

naturally leads to the consideration of the state of painting in that city and the neighbouring cities of Lucca and Sienna; among the painters of these places, Francesco of Assisi, Guido of Sienna, and Montana of Arezzo, were conspicuous.

The revival of painting occurred in Florence, and the history of Florentine Art is traced in the succeeding chapters—about twenty in number—of the first volume. A few pages suffice to speak of Andrea Tafi and Cimabue, the earliest artists of that school, but several chapters are assigned to their immediate follower, Giotto, and most justifiably so, for he is one who claims the veneration of every real lover of Art—its morning star, which even now sheds its quiet glory over our hearts as we gaze on some of those sacred compositions which time has spared to us. Painting since his days has unquestionably made vast progresses in much which constitutes its beauty and its value, but it may be questioned whether many of Giotto's successors have surpassed, or even equalled him—except, perhaps, Fra Angelico—in the deeply earnest and devotional spirit that characterises his works. The history of the Florentine school is continued through Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Giotto, Orcagna, Agnolo Gaddi, Antonio Veneziano, Masaccio, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, and others, to the death of the last-named, which concludes the first volume.

The second opens with a chapter on the decline of the school that Giotto founded in Florence; the period of its decadence was, however, illuminated by the works of a few painters of note, among whom Spinello, of Arezzo, was prominent. Five chapters immediately following are devoted to a review of Siennese Art, which had revived in the hands of Buoninsegna Duccio, who died about 1340; he was contemporary with Giotto, but his style of painting was much in advance of the latter's. Martini Simone, to whom Petrarch bequeathed his picture of the Virgin by Giotto, was one of the famous early painters of this school. Among his contemporaries and followers were Lippo and Andrea Vanni, the brothers Ambrogio and Pietro Lorenzetti, and Paolo Neri. Vanni seems to have been a great name associated with the Art of Sienna, for, nearly two centuries after the period we now write of, there were two celebrated painters of the same name, Francesco and Raffaele Vanni, father and son, both born in Sienna, their immediate progenitor being also an artist, though of small repute.

"Nothing is clearer," say the authors of this history, "than that the Umbrian school arose under the impulse of Siennese examples. The geographical position of Gubbio and Fabriano, with reference to Sienna, might alone explain that result; the temper of the people, akin to the mercurial Siennese rather than to the graver Florentine, favoured it. . . . Second in talent to the artists of Sienna, these men"—the Umbrians—"were characterised by a tendency to intensify the affectation of grace and tenderness which, from the earliest time, had been peculiar to their masters. Prettiness was their chief quality, and from their outset marked a class of men whose posterity was destined to contribute, by its progress in Perugia and Urbino, to the greatness of Raphael. A smiling gaiety and lightness gave charm to their works, which, at the same time, bore the impress of the careful finish and the flat brilliancy of miniatures." Of the masters specially treated of in this section may be pointed out Paolo Uccelli, Domenico Veneziano, Fra Filippo Baldovinetti, Verrocchio, painter and sculptor, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandaio, Pietro della Francesca, Melozzo da Forlì, Marco Palmezzano, and Giovanni Santi; while Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello, to whom Italian architecture and sculpture were so greatly indebted, are not overlooked; a whole chapter is set apart for the consideration of their works.

Though we have enumerated the chief names of those artists who figure prominently in the two volumes, it must not be supposed that the books consist of biographical notices and nothing more; this would be doing manifest injustice to the authors, who assume to give, and have given, a history of painting in Italy, as well as—in fact, even more than—the lives of the men whose names are prominently associated

with it. The causes which led to the institution of particular schools, the changes in style, the social, religious, and moral effects which influenced Art, and led to its progress and its temporary decay, are reported in a manner both agreeable and instructive. The authors say:—"We shall leave it to the reader to consider that we cannot hope to charm him with a narrative like that of Vasari, copious, varied, relieved by lively local tints, and mellow with age; nor captivate him with a sketch as light and curt as that of Lanzi." For ourselves, we are quite indifferent about instituting any comparison between Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their predecessors over the same literary field; it is sufficient for us to know that we possess in these volumes a well-defined, perspicuous, and careful narrative of early Italian Art, which, though certainly rarely or never rising into enthusiasm or poetic feeling, quite as certainly never degenerates into commonplace description or criticism, nor loses sight of the dignity of the subject; and we shall only be too pleased to see the second instalment which is to complete the history.

It would be an unpardonable omission not to notice the large number and excellence of the woodcuts illustrating the works of many of the masters, which appear in these volumes; some few of these engravings have appeared in previous books, but the rest are entirely new. They are all drawn by Mr. Scharf, and engraved by Messrs. J. Cooper, J. Thompson, S. Williams, and others.

TURNER'S ENGLAND AND WALES: TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE. Photographed by C. C. and M. E. BERTOLACCI. Published by the Photographers, at PICKTON'S, 89, Great Portland Street.

It is difficult, within reasonable space, to do justice to these very beautiful works; they are triumphs of the art of photography, singularly clear and forcible; improving, while preserving, all that is meritorious in the original plates of which they are transcripts. It is evident that the production has been "a labour of love;" no merely professional photographer would have given to the task so much of thought, care, and toil; each print has been a study, and it is not too much to say that a collection so perfect has not yet resulted from the art.

It is to the printing of these photographs that we desire to direct special attention; in these "prints" we have valuable evidence of the high importance of this branch of the art, for it is a most essential branch of it. We have never seen printing so unexceptionably good, so clear, so uniform, so satisfactory in tone and colour; and no doubt much of the gratification we receive from this series hence arises, for the printing has rarely been so good—never better.

The "England and Wales" consists of ninety-seven photographs, including the National Gallery portrait of the great painter. The work of which they are copies is "rare;" it was always costly, and now is not to be obtained except at a large price: the copper plates were long ago "worn out;" they were produced by the best engravers of the age—such engravers as are not to be found in our time, for line engraving as an art has died out in England. A few remain—Cousins, Miller, Wallis, and Allen, are with us yet; but Brandard, Willmore, Middiman, Cooke, Jeavons, W. R. Smith, are gone. Pye long ago resigned the burin, and those who could still do good things have literally nothing to do.

Our remarks apply to the views in "Richmondshire," as well as to the "England and Wales." They are treasures of Art, sources of intense delight to all who can appreciate Art and who love nature; and they are, moreover, very valuable as records of places that have either greatly changed or have altogether passed away. To bring these rich boons within easy reach of Art-lovers is a work for which they should be grateful. Even if the originals were accessible, we believe these photographic copies would be preferred; the "new" art gives to them greater delicacy, combined with greater vigour, and they seem to be more truthful transcripts of the painter's mind.

A large number of our readers have probably never seen the published works—Turner's "England and Wales," and Turner's "Richmondshire"—or have only seen detached plates; they will thank us for enabling them to examine the whole and to possess them; for the portfolios that contain both are to be acquired at comparatively little cost, and they may be obtained separately by those who prefer a selection.

**THE CORNHILL GALLERY.** Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co, London.

The illustrations which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* since the first publication of that popular "monthly," under the editorship of the late Mr. Thackeray, are generally of too high and attractive a character to be consigned to the oblivion of a book-shelf, where most magazines find a home when they have done their month's work, unless too insignificant or worthless to pass into the hands of the binder. It was therefore a good idea of the publishers to collect these scattered works of genuine Art into a volume which, as they state, "may revive, in a new and agreeable way, the memories" of the pleasant stories that amused the readers of *Cornhill*. It is indeed a pleasant "gallery" to walk through,—these pictures by F. Leighton, A.R.A.; J. E. Millais, R.A.; G. Du Maurier; J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.; F. Sandys; G. A. Sala; W. M. Thackeray; and F. Walker; engraved by the Dalsiels, Linton, and Swain; and printed, from the original blocks, at the press of Messrs. Dalsiel, with all the care and skill which could be bestowed upon them. With the additional advantages of India paper mounted on stout paper, and wide margins, these engravings present a very different appearance to those which appeared in the magazine, when they were printed from stereotypes, and by a rapid process.

Of the hundred designs which make up the volume, three-fourths are by Messrs. Millais, Leighton, and Walker, each of whom contributes about an equal number; and twelve are by Thackeray. To point out those deserving special remark would far exceed the space we can devote to the work: yet among them all there is scarcely one we should care to see subtracted from the aggregate.

The book—a full-sized quarto—is handsomely bound, and is certainly one of the "presentable" works of the season; destined to be a pleasant beguiler of many dark and wearisome hours during the long wintry evenings. It would do this, however, more easily and effectively, if the subjects, or titles, of the engravings had been printed underneath them, instead of forming an index at the commencement of the volume. Very many persons, doubtless, have never read the stories, and some of those who have, may not remember them so as to recognise at once the characters and scenes. It is a troublesome process to turn to the index every time one wishes to ascertain what the picture has to tell us.

**HYPERION: A ROMANCE.** By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated with Twenty-four Photographs by FRANCIS FRITH. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

It may be taken for granted that it answers Mr. Bennett's purpose to publish books with photographic illustrations, otherwise he would not continue to issue them. We have always held the opinion that engraving, either on wood or metal, is far better suited to book-work, as being lighter in character, and admitting more graceful expression of the subject than even the best comparatively mechanical process can give. Still, if publishers are able to secure a market for such photographic pictures, they are quite justified in supplying it; and if anything could reconcile us to the adoption of the camera, with its "rigid inflexibility," as Mr. Frith most happily terms it—the very quality that causes our objection—it would be the views he has produced for this edition of Longfellow's long-known and popular story. Mr. Frith has certainly brought all his experience and artistic knowledge to bear upon his work, and the result is a series of pictures of Rhenish, Swiss, and Tyrolean scenery, true as Nature herself, and as beautiful as photographic art can render, taking

them as a whole. Any one who is at all aware of the difficulty of producing a number of such pictures with anything approaching to perfect uniformity of excellence, will not be surprised to find here some differing in this respect from others; such a result is inevitable, with all the skill and care the artist can bestow.

The volume is sent out in the usual attractive form of the "gift-books" of the season, and will doubtless meet with the favour it deserves.

**THE SKETCH-BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.** Artists' Edition. Illustrated with One Hundred and Twenty Engravings on Wood, from Original Designs. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

When Washington Irving first desired to give his "Sketch-Book" to the English public, he found such difficulty in meeting with any publisher who would incur the responsibility of undertaking it, that, to avoid any further delay by negotiation, he published the first series of papers on his own account. But the author was soon relieved of all solicitude as to future operations, by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, taking the work in hand at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott. Its success was so unequivocal that in a short time a second series of papers was called for, and from thenceforth the "Sketch-Book" has been a universal favourite with all who can appreciate scenes descriptive, humorous, or sentimental, clothed in language as graceful and finished as that of Addison, and portraiture as true to nature as that of Goldsmith. The style of Irving's writings is of such a refined character that it would be well if some of our modern writers would condescend to adopt him as their model.

This edition of these once most popular stories and essays,—we say "once," because it is to be feared that the taste of those who are the most ardent readers of light literature in the present day finds no relish in such quiet elegancies of style and matter as Irving delighted in,—is worthy of them; and that is saying much. Though the title-page bears on it the names of English publishers, we are inclined to believe the book was printed in America: the illustrations are certainly American, for we do not recognise any one of our own artists among either the designers or engravers: but they have done their work well; so well that it is only now and then we find anything much better done in England in the way of book-illustration. Those who know the "Sketch-Book" must remember that the scenery it describes is chiefly laid in this country; and when we look at the character of these landscapes, it is rather difficult to believe that the artists who drew them are not as familiar with our rural churches, villages, meadows, trees, and peasantry as we ourselves are, so truthfully are all represented. If anything can again bring Irving's first literary efforts among us into popularity again, it will be this elegant volume; and we have little fear of its effecting the object.

**NAUDIN'S PORTFOLIO.** Edited by HAMILTON HUME. Part I. Published at the Office, 124, Brompton Road.

It is scarcely fair to predict the success of a work by the first number, though it is only reasonable to suppose that the proprietors of a new serial publication will use their best efforts to produce a favourable impression at the very outset. If this has been tried with the work now before us, we cannot augur for its future a large amount of popularity: its contents are simply a photograph, considerable in size, of Mr. Charles Dickens's house at Gadshill, and *carte de visite* portraits of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mrs. Henry Wood, the novelist, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Capt. Blakeley, the great gun manufacturer. In the foreground of the Gadshill picture a group—consisting of the owner of the house, Mr. Fechter, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles A. Collins, with other gentlemen, and some ladies—has assembled on the lawn; but the figures are too small to be easily recognisable. Short biographical sketches accompany the four separate photographic portraits, which, by the way, are very good; so also is the view of the house.

**PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE,** after Original Studies. By R. BARNES and E. M. WIMPERIS. Engraved by J. D. COOPER. With Descriptive Poems by J. G. WATTS. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., London.

Wood-engravings the size of these—about ten and a half inches by eight and a half—are much too large for a book of this kind, though it may be intended only for children. These pictures of the cottage home-life of England are, however, very spirited in design and execution, and making every allowance for the rosy atmosphere in which our peasantry and artisans are presumed to dwell, present many pleasant, and some not untruthful features. Mr. Barnes's pencil has remarkable vigour, yet shows no coarseness, and there is a life-like character in his figures which we are bound to commend. 'Fireside Joys' is a notable example of this; and 'The Race down the Hill'—two round-cheeked rustic girls, with a younger child in the centre, whom they hold by the hand, as all three rush down at full speed—is full of joyous movement. 'The Shy Child' is another very clever design by the same artist. Mr. Wimperis's share of the illustrations is limited to two coast scenes; both unquestionably good, but 'Off for the Cruise,' by moonlight, is our favourite. There are in all ten engravings, each of which is accompanied by a short and simply-worded poem, from the pen of Mr. Watts, whose aim appears to have been to adapt his muse to the subject without attempting any lofty flight. The verses, which are surrounded by a graceful floral design, convey a cheerful, healthy moral.

**SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL.** Translated by the Right Hon. Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. With Forty-two Illustrations, drawn on wood by T. SCOTT, and engraved by J. D. COOPER, after designs by MORITZ RETZSCH. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., London.

Some of our older subscribers will, in all probability, have in remembrance various designs from the pencil of Moritz Retzsch which in years past adorned the pages of the *Art-Journal*; and it is also very possible that his series of etchings illustrating Schiller's famous "Lay of the Bell" are not unknown to many, from the publication issued in Germany. The original plates having been very carefully copied on wood by Mr. T. Scott, and engraved with equal care by Mr. Cooper, are now presented to the English public, with Sir Bulwer Lytton's faithful and skilful translation of the poem, which is a history of the life of man as indicated by the sound of the Church Bell, at his birth, christening, marriage, death, with the episodes of a social character which may be presumed to come between these important epochs. The series of illustrations commences with the preparations for casting the Bell and the process of effecting it, and terminates with the destruction of the instrument and of the church in which it was suspended.

Retzsch's designs are not remarkable either for elegance of expression or high poetical feeling, taken as a whole: three or four, perhaps, might be selected for these qualities, but by far the larger proportion of them is hard and formal, and characteristic of the manner adopted by the artists of Germany some centuries ago, when perspective seems to have been little understood, and the power of grouping quite as little: hence a degree of barrenness in the composition which not even the introduction of light and shadow—for the designs are not much beyond outline—by way of filling in, would always enrich, and make really effective. On the other hand, considerable thought has evidently been given to each subject respectively, and many of the figures are carefully and delicately drawn; and, notwithstanding the drawbacks referred to, these designs will doubtless be appreciated by all who can enter into the spirit of Schiller's remarkable poem. The artists employed here to reproduce them have been most successful in their work; but certainly the modern German school of design is not worthily represented in these illustrations; neither are they equal to many we have seen from the hand of the venerable artist, Moritz Ketsch.